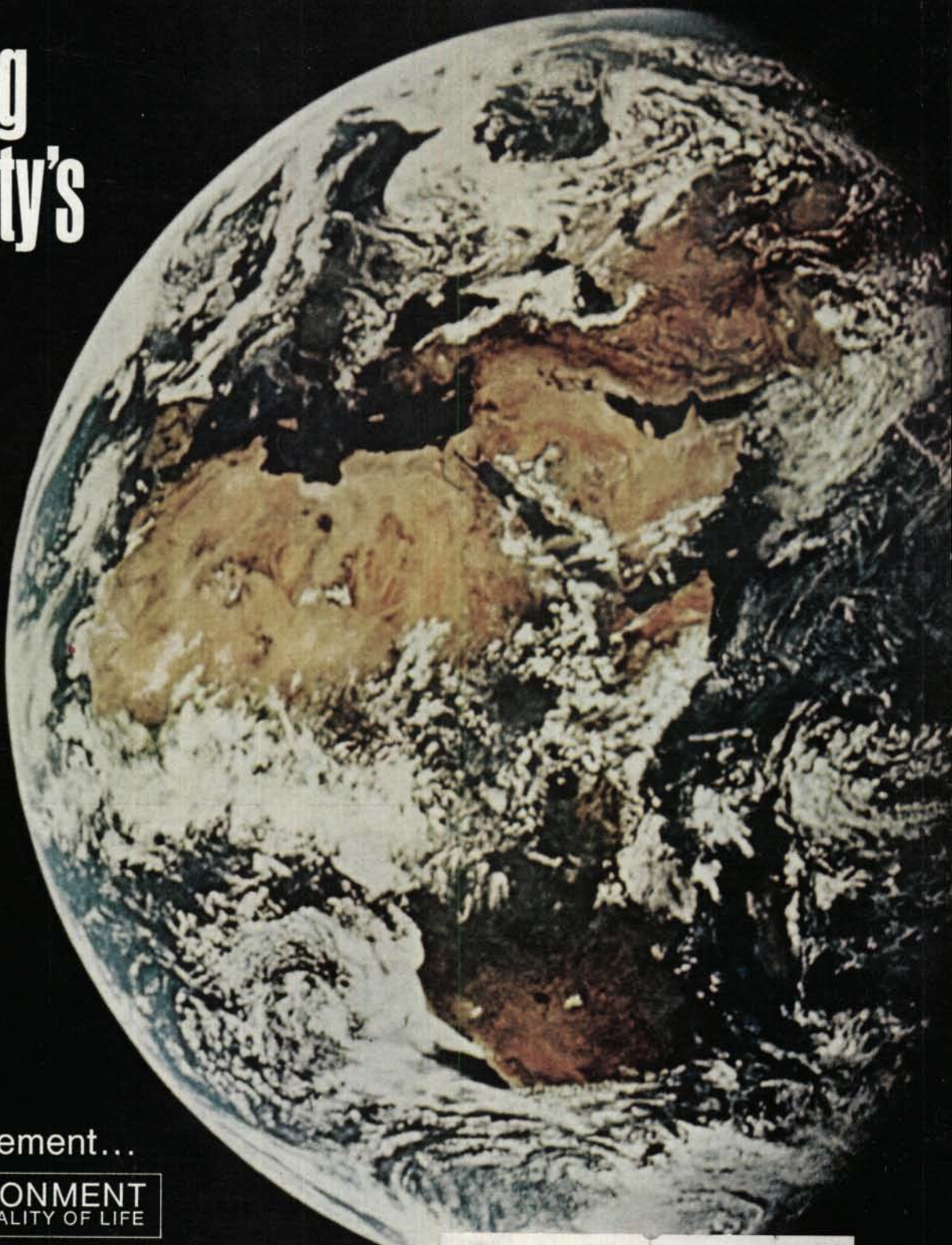
Saturday Review

March 7, 1970 50¢

Cleaning Humanity's Nest

The new planetary priority



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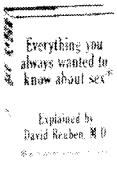

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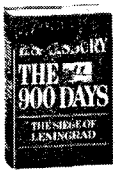

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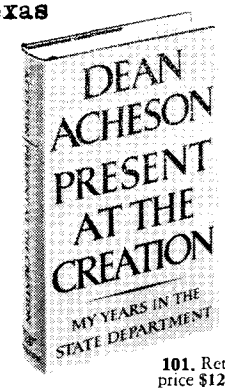

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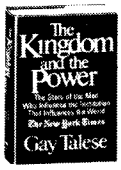

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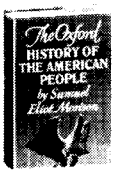

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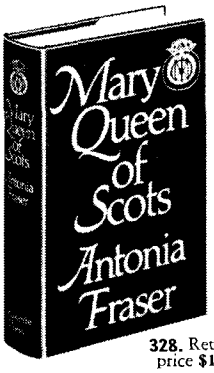

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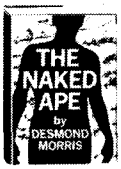

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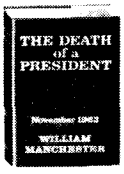

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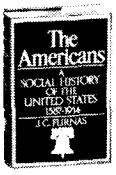

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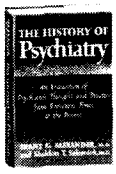

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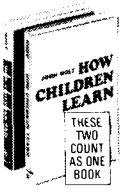

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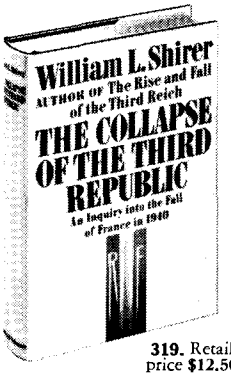
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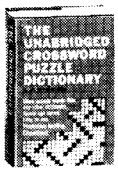

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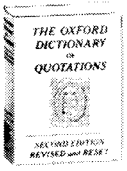

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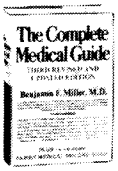

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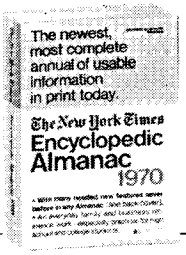

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Saturday Review

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Some books masquerade as biographies, when they are really just a collection of facts about one person. Others, more humble, announce themselves as "portraits" or "profiles." Profiles can have their value, as the *New Yorker* has shown, and true biography is, of course, an act of literature.

I am prompted to these unoriginal reflections by my work. Currently I am editing a new translation, complete in English for the first time, of PUSHKIN, by Henri Troyat, which will be published this fall; have just completed work on a warm and companionable biography of William Jennings Bryan, by Charles Morrow Wilson, to be published soon; and am reading, for fun, a profile of Billy Wilder.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF BILLY WILDER, PRIMARILY is the title. It's an accurate description of a book by Tom Wood, a veteran freelance magazine writer and studio publicist. His material about Wilder is marvelous and I don't know whether a definitive biography of this filmmaker will ever be required; if so, I hope it is autobiography. Anyhow, here we have how and why Harry Kurnitz said of the director: "Beneath his gruff exterior there is pure Brillo." And why William Holden said Wilder has a "mind full of razor blades."

He once told a breathless young thing who had seen *Limelight* eight times, that he had seen it once and it seemed like eight times. Wood reveals Wilder's pronouncement that one line in *Irma La Douce* is "The Gettysburg Address of Prostitution." After listening to an actor rehearse a song, he said that the actor had "Van Gogh's ear for music." And when courting his wife, who lived in a less-than-toney section of town, he said that he would worship the ground she walked on, if only she'd move to a better neighborhood.

Anyhow, if you liked *The Apartment* and *Sunset Boulevard* and Jack Lemmon, Marilyn, Matthau, Shirley MacLaine and that crowd, you'll meet them all, at the end of a line, in this unassuming and rather nice book.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF BILLY WILDER, PRIMARILY ($6.95), by Tom Wood, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 18451 Nordhoff, Northridge, California 91324.

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SR's new supplement

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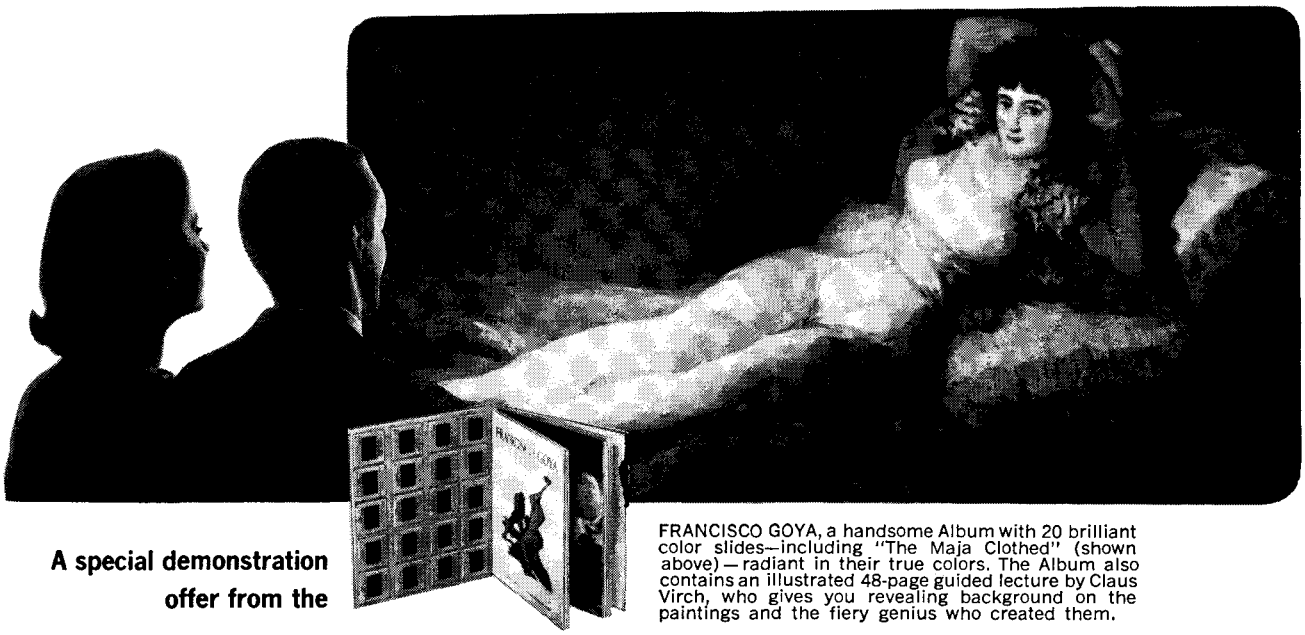

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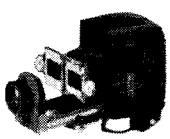

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Phoenix Nest

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The Memory of Grover A. Whalen Restores My Faith in the Art of Wetzel the Tailor

IT OCCURRED to me the other day that I had not thought in a long time about Grover A. Whalen and the fine figure he cut for so many years as New York City's official greeter.

He returned to mind in an odd way. My wife and I were walking in lower Fifth Avenue; I was admiring an old building on the east side of the street, when she noted my interest and remarked, "Grover Whalen used to live there." Before I had a chance to challenge this startling announcement, she added, "Papa told me."

I let it go. I was not going to dispute the statement. What struck me was that through all the years of the late Mr. Whalen's life I had never thought of him as living anywhere. Whalen at home, Whalen at his own breakfast table, Whalen in bed or in a living room was simply inconceivable. As Whalen, to me, had no need of a home, a Whalen in shirt sleeves or shorts or in a bathrobe, a Whalen unbooted, unhatted, uncombed, unsmiling, ungardeniaed was nonexistent.

Whalen was a public character, and nobody to my knowledge had ever referred to his home. Along with everybody I knew, Whalen was someone who was seen only when he was fully accoutered for his day's work. I should make it clear to people too young to have known about Whalen in his time that he played two roles: that of a businessman long in the employ of Wanamaker's or some other store, and as a public official, commissioner of a city department called Plants and Structures, and later as Police Commissioner, but chiefly as New York's official greeter.

As a greeter, a role he held from around 1919 to some indefinite period when he faded away even as the big trans-Atlantic liners faded, he was peerless. It was in this guise that his image was fixed forever in the public consciousness and in picture books—a handsome man with a handsome waxed mustache, a handsome black Homburg, black jacket, striped trousers, and a gardenia.

Toward the end of his years, he spent a lot of time denying he wore a gardenia; it was a carnation, he insisted. The pictures did indeed show a carnation, but everybody preferred to go on believing he wore a gardenia, because that was what everybody wanted to believe. Just as everybody wanted to believe that Whalen did not have a home as other men had, or a private life of his own, but that he existed only for the purpose of being the city's symbol of elegance and sartorial perfection.

His hair was always trimmed. He was gay, poised, at ease with kings and queens, foreign statesmen and heroes of flying geographical discoveries. He gave to the city a facade of pride and security. He never fumbled his lines or lost his aplomb, and when he stepped aside at the end of a day's celebrating he vanished. I often wondered how he got away so gracefully and so unobtrusively.

I don't like to contradict my wife or her Papa and question that statement about Grover A. Whalen living on lower Fifth Avenue. I don't think he lived anywhere. —JOHN FERRIS.

The 4:35 from Guanajuato

THE FACT that my friend George is Hungarian has much to do, I believe, with his insatiable appetite for worry. He never seems to have enough of his own legitimate preoccupation. "You take commuting on the Penn Central," he was saying the other morning; "it's a disgrace. Any country in the world puts it to shame: the Osaka Express, the Togo train in Spain. . . ."

George is not even a commuter. He walks to work. I, on the other hand, had been standing all the way from Dobbs Ferry, and the train had gotten in a half-hour late. But I had to cut into George in mid-lament to give another dimension to his illusion.

Twenty years ago, the Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico ran one train a day from Guanajuato to Mexico City. It was scheduled for 3 in the afternoon. For my maiden voyage on this line, I arrived at the Guanajuato Station at 2:55. No one was there—not even the stationmaster. For good reason. By about a quarter of 4, passengers leisurely began to show up and, at 4:35, so did the train. Had it arrived much earlier, half the crowd would have missed it.

The locomotive and the three wooden cars were straight out of a Western. The only thing missing was Jack Palance riding shotgun in the cab. The trainmen were a pair of black-coated Don Quixotes, tall, spare, and somewhat disdainful of the passengers. The engineer, on the other hand, was a Sancho Panza type who leaned out his window and waved at the crowd.

Most of the fifty or so people at the station apparently were bound for the neighboring market town. With magnificent resignation, they boarded the train lugging their oversized bundles, pigs, geese, goats, and other possessions. I'm not clear on this now, since so many years have gone by, but I think by virtue of our having first-class tickets I and a few of the other plutocrats on board could sit on the wooden bench that ran along the side of the car, while those who had purchased lesser accommodations had to sit on their bundles in the center of the car surrounded by the livestock. But not for long.

After the train started up in what seemed like grand style and had gone some 500 yards down the single track, it came to a lurching stop. Obviously more experienced in this than we, the second-class ticket holders waited no more than ten minutes. Then, hefting their bundles and their animals (how they sorted them out, I still don't know), they all deserted the train and started walking ahead of it along what they considered to be the safest possible route, the right-of-way itself.

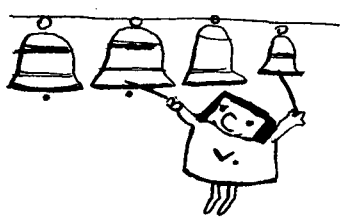
It was then we noticed the two Don Quixotes and the Sancho Panza out in the heavy growth alongside the train, desperately searching for something.

"*¿Que buscan Ustedes?*" I called out through the open window. My asking them what they were looking for apparently embarrassed them. Not only did they become more intent on their search, but they ignored the question completely. Nevertheless, most of the remaining passengers jumped down and started looking, too.

"*¡Ya lo tengo!*" exclaimed one of the trainmen and in his exuberance held up what he had found. It turned out to be a piece from the locomotive's wheel drive mechanism, which the engine had thrown off. Fortunately, there was a mechanical engineer with us who somehow got the piece into place and off we went.

About a mile and a half down the track we stopped to pick up the deserters, who clambered aboard with their bundles and animals. Here and there one could see the flash of a shy smile, but, for the most part, their faces bore the same expressions of resignation and impassivity that I see every morning now when the 8:09 from Dobbs Ferry doesn't get in until 8:25.

—HERBERT J. TEISON.



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A New Hangup

DO YOU KNOW that you are talking 20 per cent longer on each phone call you make this year than you did last year? That's the opinion of the head of the New York State Public Service Commission. He suggests that is one of the reasons our phone service has become so clogged that we can't even get a dial tone.

He's right. And the basic cause is that secretaries have taken to themselves more investigative powers to protect the security and privacy of their employers than they did last year. All of the secretaries are virtuously impregnable. No offense, ladies.

"Hello, may I speak to Mr. Faddle?"

"Who's calling Mr. Faddle?"

"Mr. Ace."

"Can you spell that?"

"Yes"—(pause).

"Hello."

"Oh, you mean you want me to spell it now? It's A-C-E, I think."

"Where are you from, Mr. Ace?"

"Kansas City."

"Are you calling from Kansas?"

"No, this is a local call. Besides, it's not Kansas. You see, there are two Kansas Citys. One is in Kansas and the other in Missouri. I'm from Kansas City, Missouri."

"Are you visiting New York?"

"Well, I've been visiting here, oh, I'd say, day and night for about thirty-five years. May I speak to Mr. Faddle now?"

"Who are you with, Mr. Ace?"

"Well, nobody right now. Oh, my secretary is here, but I can't disturb her. She's on her coffee break, which consists of a chocolate malted and a gooey piece of Danish. I tell you, signing a typed letter she hands me is like a meal in itself. Would you put Mr. Faddle on, please?"

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Well—just a moment, I'm changing ears. There, is that better?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where were we—oh yes, the nature of my business. I'm a writer by nature. But most of my time is spent in unnatural phone calls. Is Mr. Faddle in?"

"I am not permitted to give that information until I ask him."

"Well, ask him."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I just saw Mr. Faddle go out to lunch just a moment ago."

"Lunch? That's what I was calling about—to tell him I could make that lunch appointment today."

"Oh yes, I just noticed my notes here—you were supposed to call and let him know if you could make it. But since you didn't call, he went out alone."

"Who didn't call? If you weren't so busy playing FBI and CIA, I could have gone with him."

"Well, would you like to make another lunch appointment? Or are you going back to Kansas City—Missouri, that is?"

"I think I will. I can always take my sister to lunch. It's been nice and long chatting with you, Miss uh—"

"Miss Smith."

"Is that S-M-I-T-H?"

"No, it's S-M-Y-T-H."

"That figures. Good-by—forever, that is."

Of course, you know that is not an entirely true picture. His name is not Faddle. It's Fuddle. And I changed her name to protect the guilty. But doubtless it's the employer who has instructed her to put all phone callers through the rack of inquisition. If he had told his secretary to cool it, "Just get the name of the caller and let me know, and I'll tell you if I'm in," this could loosen phone circuits all over the country.

That's the way it's handled in my office. With one slight deviation, over which I have no control. I've instructed her to ask only the name of the caller, relay it to me, and I'll tell her if I'm in. It works perfectly.

I'm always in. I have to be. You see, she sits in the outer office, a call comes in, and with the mouthpiece inches from her lips she shouts over the partition, "It's a Mr. Faddle. Are you in?"

"Yes, I am. And to everybody in this building."

It's always "a" Mr. Faddle. Or "a" Mr. Nichols. Out of sheer force of habit, the other day, she yelled, "It's a Mrs. Ace. Are you in?"

Of course, there are other ways to get to Mr. Faddle without clogging the phone. I could write him and make a lunch date. But that would clog the mail. I could drive downtown in my car, but that would clog the air. Or I could picket his secretary and shout obscenities. But that would clog the jails.

The only communication left to us is to hold a lunch thought. That would only clog our minds. Which is a state of apathy fervently sought after by the Establishment.

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Alan Watts would like to discuss

the importance of being occasionally crazy,

the dangers of literacy,

the ethics of suicide,

on buying and using incense,

and other such matters with you next month.

photo by Richard Borst

ALAN WATTS

A foremost authority on Zen Buddhism who *is read by the manager of the largest mutual fund in the world* (see page 23 of Adam Smith's THE MONEY GAME).

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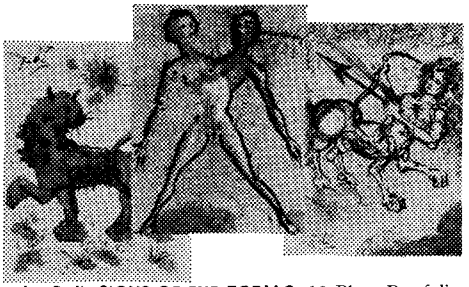

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Getting Away with Murder

ALTHOUGH Jules Feiffer's latest play is entitled *The White House Murder Case* and its main plot boasts a neatly planned murder, it is not really a whodunit. For Feiffer's concern is not the murder of one character, but the murder of compassionate human response in all of us; murder that results from the kind of schizoid thinking that makes it possible for a man to rationalize any act as long as it helps him do his job.

The play makes this point first with a battlefield scene in Brazil, where the United States has become involved in another Vietnam-type struggle. A lieutenant suggests to his colonel that CB97s be used against the enemy. To use CB97s requires KCR authorization. A visiting chief of staff, General Pratt, appears and gives KCR authorization. Then Pratt looks up CB97 in his weapons manual and discovers that it is nerve gas. A devastating error has been committed, because the Army's jargon and rituals have made big decisions impersonal and mechanical.

Now the play shifts to the White House where the president, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of Defense, and the Director of Research and Development are conferring to decide how the American public should be told about the nerve gas, which because of an unexpected wind shift has been blown back on our own troops, killing 750 and paralyzing many more. They are joined by General Pratt, who himself has been blinded and semiparalyzed.

Immediately, we see how these intelligent and well-intentioned politicians impersonalize and bureaucratize the tragedy. The Postmaster General ("His job is to deliver the vote. The mail's incidental.") is less concerned about the use of gas than he is about the effect the news of it will have on the imminent election. Similarly, we find the others viewing the crisis as part of their jobs. Absurd technical distinctions (e.g., "We *have* discontinued production of poison gas, but research always continues.") are voiced with conviction. And an explanation is framed replete with such standard phrasemanship as "our peace arsenal" and "captured enemy documents." Under Alan Arkin's resourceful direction, the whole business emerges as excruciatingly funny.

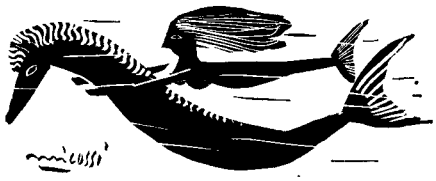
The rest of the play alternates between short scenes on the battlefield in which two soldiers slowly but painlessly watch their own limbs drop off under the effect of the nerve gas, and at the White House where the explanation of the murder of the President's wife to the American public is ultimately handled in the same dehumanized way as was the gassing incident. Feiffer seems to be making the point that in both situations our need to play acquired roles according to an immoral yet accepted standard is stronger than our need for brotherly love.

This is pessimistic stuff, and we are surprised to find ourselves laughing at it. The fun, I think, lies in watching the characters working so fiercely at deluding themselves. Even the broadest performance, J. J. Barry's as General Pratt, is based upon genuine delusion. When he gropes and limps his way to a chair, and answers the President's condolence with a proud gruff, "I'm an old night fighter," we see the incongruous absurdity of his devotion to the military image. And the more painful his dilemma, the funnier it is. Similarly, the Weapons Research Director's efforts to reconcile his liberalism and his job are made utterly amusing by Anthony Holland, who has a great talent for turning cowardice into mirth. Andrew Duncan gives us a Defense Secretary fanatically dedicated to the defense of his department; he discusses the worst disaster in such a confident routine way that he is able to convince himself that everything is somehow all right. Paul Dooley's Attorney General captures a droll affectation of seriousness for its own sake. And most subtle of all is Paul Benedict, who portrays the crafty Postmaster General. Mr. Benedict has a twinkle in his eye and a shrewdly controlled capacity to enjoy the full intellectual preposterousness of any situation.

As the President, Peter Bonerz has a more difficult task, because the play requires him to move out of his comic stance and express real grief when his wife is killed. If he cannot quite make this shift seem as dramatically important as it ought to be, he does succeed in adroitly delivering the play's best line. When his wife asks him what kind of public opinion he thinks she represents, he snaps back with comic desperation, "The nineteenth-century kind. Those who see our problems as solvable."

As the two soldiers, Edward J. Moore and Bob Balaban suffer from having to act the majority of their short scenes from a remote corner of the Circle in the Square's open stage. Their conversations, which may have been intended to be touchingly human, here seem closer to satirical small talk. As a result, Feiffer's one excursion into an idealistic vision, a speech about how the discovery that their hands have become interlocked by the nerve gas might inspire fighters on both sides to join together in peace, doesn't register strongly enough.

Nevertheless, *The White House Murder Case* comes across as a remarkably successful effort to deal with the poisonous nature of our times. It thoroughly entertains, and at the same time is a frighteningly true vivisection of the American way of life, death, and "pacification."



Murder is also explored in the stunning La Mama Repertory Theatre production of *Arden of Faversham.* This Elizabethan tragedy of anonymous authorship is based on a historically recorded sixteenth-century murder of an Englishman by his wife, her lover, and some paid henchmen. However, visiting Rumanian director Andrei Sherban has seen in the old play some parallel to the alleged Manson killings, in that both were savage acts committed primarily for the ecstasy of violence.

Sherban has abridged the play, and has evoked remarkably intense and imaginative performances from the eager La Mama actors. Instead of illustrating the formal dialogue, they perform subconscious visceral responses to the play's situations. For instance, in the scene where the husband speaks forgivingly to his wife's lover, Sherban has Arden brutally beating Mosby and slamming him so hard against the brick wall that our bones ache. Later, in a love scene, Mosby and Arden's wife arouse each other with lighted candles and hot wax. Finally, in the murder scene, Arden is stripped naked, castrated by his wife (who stuffs his severed genitals into his mouth), and is then wrapped like a piece of meat in a huge sheet of plastic. This is the sort of strong theater envisaged by Artaud in his Theatre of Cruelty, and the La Mama actors, led by Lou Zeldis as Arden, Michele Collison as Alice, and Patrick Burke as Mosby, give themselves totally to it. More important still, Sherban brings to the proceedings a degree of precision, artistic thoroughness, and dramatic shape that so far has been lacking in even the best of our developing Off Off-Broadway theater.

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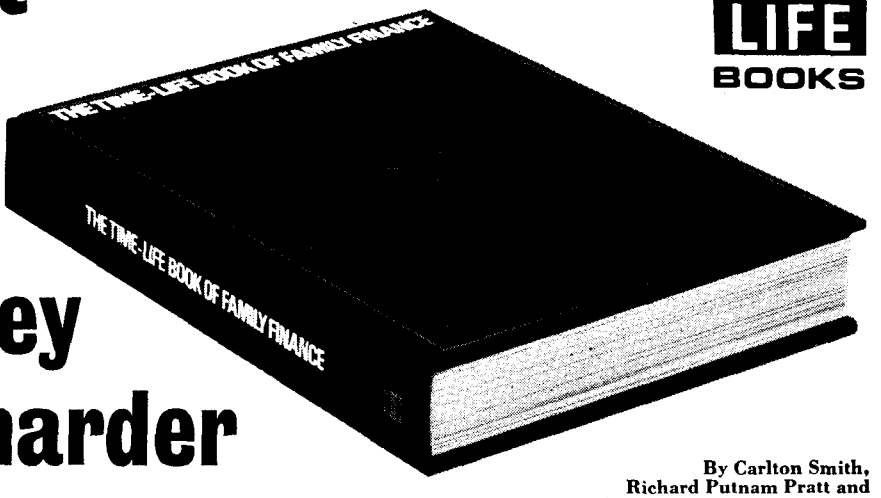

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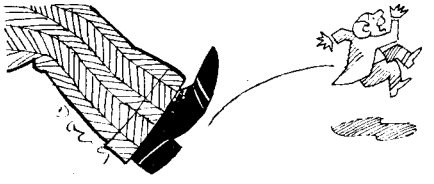
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

In talking about his poor memory, P. G. Wodehouse said that, on the whole, the simplest memory-training methods are the best. As an example, he told of the member of British Parliament who was approached in the Commons lobby by a distinguished old gentleman who begged for a moment of his time.

"I have heard of you as one who takes up unpopular causes," the man said, "and I would be extremely grateful if you would hear my story." It was a sad story. By industry and thrift the old man had amassed a large fortune, and now his relatives had robbed him of it and placed him in a mental home. This was his day out.

"I have put the facts down in this document," he concluded. "Study it at



your leisure. Communicate with me at your leisure. Thank you, Sir, thank you. Good day."

Much moved by the other's exquisite courtesy, the M.P. took the paper, shook hands, promised to do all in his power, and turned to go back to the debate. As he did so, he received a powerful kick in the seat of the pants.

"Don't forget!" said the old gentleman.

School library happenings include the experience of Olga MacGarva: A third-grader in Arlington, Massachusetts, hot on the trail of medieval history, asked for a book on middle-aged knights. But in the Scarborough, Ontario, public library it was a bit more complicated, when a sixteen-year-old lad rushed in five minutes before closing and asked for material on ancient Prussia. When told there was no such animal, he frowned.

"Ancient Russia?" he ventured.

"How ancient?"

"A few thousand years."

More disappointment for the poor fellow, who then said, "There was an ancient king named Xerox."

The communication gap closed. Xerxes of ancient Persia was the assignment.

When Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart moved to Orange County, New York, recently, they notified an investment company of their change of address. A few months later they received a letter, addressed merely to their box number and town. "Dear Shareholder," it read. "Enclosed is a statement of your account. As you can see, the computer erased your name while correcting your address. Please supply us with your name—etc." (It was signed by a person.)

The sad death of Bishop James Pike in the desert just a few miles from Bethlehem is told in *Search* (Doubleday) by his young widow, Diane Kennedy Pike. Even though you know the ending, there is a terrible suspense from the beginning when they drove their rented car deeper and deeper into the wilderness—you can't help but think, "For heaven's sake, turn back!"—through the time when she found help and then went back to look for her husband. There is a horrible fascination in reading about someone fighting for life against natural forces. But Mrs. Pike's story is not a gloomy, depressing one. She associates the experience with her and Bishop Pike's search for truth, and there is a stimulating and inspiring tone. The fact that she is a darned good writer helps, too, and when she described her vivid, psychic dream one night in which she apparently witnessed Bishop Pike's death at the time it occurred miles away in Wadi Mashash—well, I raised a goose pimple or two.

It wasn't clear to me, however, why the couple tried to walk after their car got stuck. I always understood that one should stick with the vehicle in the desert, for you will have water from the radiator, and furthermore searchers will much more easily spot a car than a lone human being. Also, Bishop Pike came across large pools of fresh water as he sought his way out of the canyon. Why did he not remain at one of them until rescued? In any case, he was an energetic, controversial, provocative man whose departure from this world was as dramatic as his existence in it.

Sharps and Flats: In November the Bremerton, Washington, Chamber of Commerce presented awards to astronaut Richard Gordon of nearby Kingston and to Mayor Glenn Jarstad. In announcing the event, the Bremerton *Sun* declared in a slight understatement: "Gordon, currently en route to the moon, will be unable to attend the ceremonies in person."

► The *New Mexico Motorist* recently offered hints concerning the safety of children in automobiles, including this: "Give infants particular care. Put them in a sturdy car bed or bassinet. Avoid holding them in arms, and never by the driver."

► The National Silent Majority Committee in New York sells, among other things, STAND FIRM AMERICA bumper stickers—"Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within ten days."

► Judith Schwartz clipped this Lost and Found ad from *The New York Times*: "Maxi-Coat (Bottom Part) Lost in cab, vic 87th & West End Ave. Reward." Judy comments, "That must have been some taxi ride!"

► Alfred Hitchcock said that he attended a wedding and all he could hear were a bunch of movie titles: *I Take This Woman, To Have and to Hold*, etc.

► Dan Culberson notes that Chaucer said it first, in one of *The Canterbury Tales*: "That I wol lette for to do my thynges."

► Mrs. Richard Fitzgerald of Jackson, Michigan, received a nice note from a bride thanking her "for the lovely sterling silver bowel."

► In an interview with novelist Monica Dickens, the Cape Cod *Standard-Times* revealed that she is "the great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, one of the world's most famous authors."

To correct a misprint in my February 14 TRADE WINDS: Among the reference books that give the wrong definition for SOP are the *Dictionary of American Slang* (Crowell) and *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1873)

ART BUCHWALD:
THE ESTABLISHMENT (IS ALIVE AND WELL IN WASHINGTON)

Not long ago I was out in Los Angeles and had to make a plane for Santa Barbara. When I was given my gate number for the flight, I started for it. . . . Imagine my delight . . . when I discovered that by the time I got there I was only five miles from the Santa Barbara city limits.

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HERE'S SOME OF WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU:

Norman Mailer on Jack Kennedy the candidate

Tom Wicker's unsentimental assessment — shortly after the assassination — of John Kennedy's presidency

Terry Southern, Jean Genet, John Sack, William Burroughs on the Chicago Convention riots of 1968

Gina Berriault's unflinching view of the topless phenomenon in California

Saul Bellow probes Khrushchev's psyche

Gay Talese measures the power of an American entertainer in "Frank Sinatra Has a Cold"

Rex Reed on Ava Gardner's declining years

A 29-page pictorial feature on the shift in American social values, with text by **Robert Benton and David Newman** (co-authors of *Bonnie and Clyde*)

Richard H. Rovere satirizes the American Establishment

Terry Southern reveals his part in the C.I.A.'s planned invasion of Cuba

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. on the duties and responsibilities of a Congressman

Edward Jay Epstein presents sixty separate theories that have been proposed to explain President Kennedy's assassination

James Deakin reports on the dark side of LBJ

William Styron on Beverly Aadland (Errol Flynn's teen-aged sweetheart)

Tom Wolfe on teen-age custom car design (the making of Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Babies)

Timothy Leary on "Turning On the World"

James Baldwin portrays Harlem in the early Sixties

Garry Wills on Dr. King's funeral

John Sack tells what it's like when a member of M Company kills his first communist

Lee Oswald's letters to his mother — with her footnotes

Ovid Demaris and Garry Wills on Jack Ruby's career before he blasted his way into history

Burton Hersh on The Last Kennedy (Ted)

Terry Southern audits a class for teenybopper baton twirlers at Ole Miss

Martin Mayer interviews the society hairdresser Mr. Kenneth

Charles Mohr reports on Goldwater's 1964 campaign goofs

Paul and Geoffrey Cowan — two students on a voter registration drive — write three letters home from Mississippi

Anthony Lukas on the East Village hippie murders

Roger Kahn records the collapse of S.D.S.

Reese Cleghorn on "The Segs" — five Southern fireaters

Bernard Weinraub on Stokely Carmichael

Al Calloway introduces us to "Soul"

Norman Mailer on Roth, Bellow, Updike, Baldwin, and Mailer

John Wulp reports the first "Happening"

William F. Buckley, Jr. presents his rationale for publicly insulting Gore Vidal

Gore Vidal describes "A Distasteful Encounter with William F. Buckley, Jr."

Patrick Anderson sizes up Robert Kennedy

Charles and Bonnie Remsberg's frightening report of a Pepsi-Cola contest

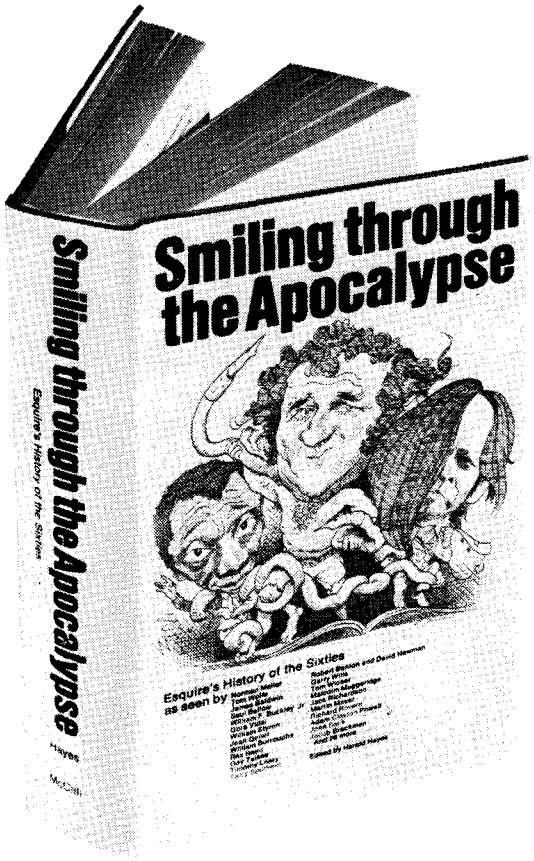
Tom Wolfe on the Las Vegas mystique

Malcolm Muggeridge on Winston Churchill's senility

Peter Bogdanovich on the Bogart cult

Jack Richardson tries — and tries — to set up an interview with Eddie Fisher

Gay Talese on Floyd Patterson's adjustment to failure


Smiling through the Apocalypse
Esquire's History of the Sixties
Smiling through the Apocalypse
Esquire's History of the Sixties
as seen by

From this time on, anyone who wants to know what the Sixties were all about will turn to this extraordinary book

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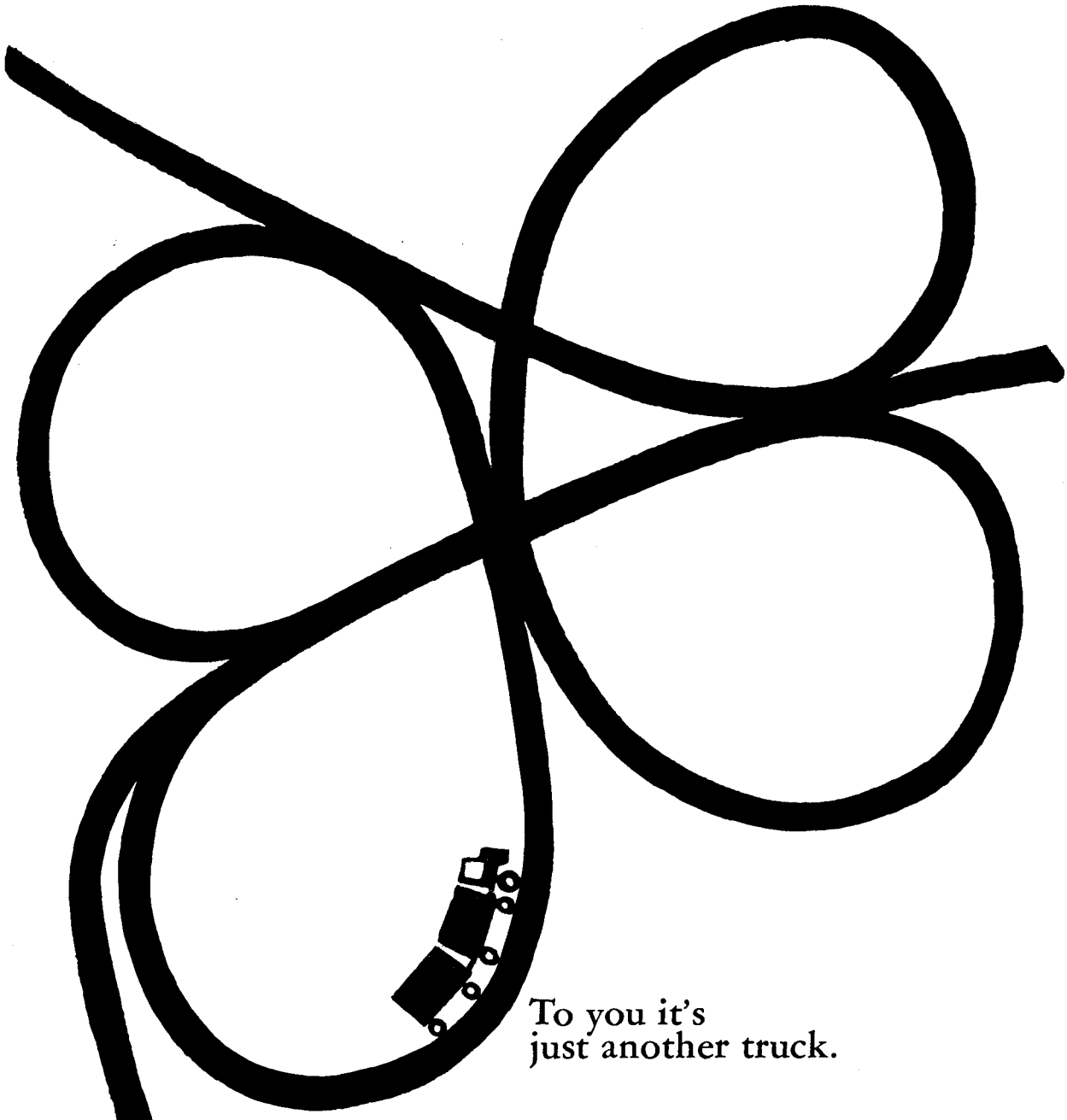

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Saturday Review
March 7, 1970

The Possibilities of Transformation

A Report on the State of Mankind: 1970

by FRANK K. KELLY

At the very moment of lift-off there is no sense of movement, an astronaut said. Man may have passed his own moment of lift-off into ultimate change. Now we have a sense of voyaging in ways that are stranger than our dreams.

The word has passed through cities and towns of Europe and the Americas, through the ancient streets and paths of Asia and Africa, to the nomads carrying transistor radios in the Himalayas and the Andes and along the Amazon and the Nile: Man lives on a beautiful colored ball, traveling at high speed through enormous darkness toward the fires of countless suns. The landing on the moon confirmed the solidity of other worlds. Many of us expected to see what we saw; many accepted it with a shrug or a smile. To young people already aware of science fiction, it was a happening that had happened long before. But the sight of our little globe shining in space made us realize that we can be inside and outside at the same time.

In each of us, now that we know so much and know how little that is, there are two states of being, embracing and struggling: Mankind I and Mankind II. We are still attached to the earth, but our minds move in and out in a dizzying rhythm. We are changing so swiftly that we do not know what we are or what we may become.

Since Hiroshima, we have known that the old man must die. The man of devouring ambition, the consuming man, must give way to the new man, the learning man, the man of understanding, the servant of life. The future depends upon our opening of ourselves to the emergence of the servant. The great transformation as we enter the Seventies is the realization that everything can be transformed. Men and nations still fight for land and resources, for principles and pride, but the skies are full of satellites riding high above the drawn lines. No one is dominant over his own destiny; no one can really control any territory anymore.

As we awaken to the knowledge that we have been lifted into ultimate changes beyond our dreams, some of us are fearful; others feel a terrible joy. Many believe that scientists will develop fairly clear explanations of where we are going or build a Great Computer that will bring together all the factors necessary to make a new web of life. There may be thousands, perhaps millions, of unknown factors —but they will be found, the worshipers of New Science believe.

Many have refused to think any longer about immortality of the soul; they contend that man is on the verge of discovering ways of everlasting physical survival. A temporary embodiment of invisible forces, he is learning how to remold the body in which he finds himself. With fabricated parts, man may go on and on from world to world. Death will be confined to lesser forms of life.

Many others believe they are participating in a revolution of the spirit. Institutional churches may be dying, but there are religious torrents running among the young and the old, among people of all ages and places. Mankind II may combine this spiritual revolution with an enormous effort to preserve or reconstruct the web of physical life. The blood sacrifices of Jesus and Gandhi, of Martin Luther King, of John and Robert Kennedy, of all those torn by violence, may be truly honored by those who make the future.

We now have a growing awareness of the importance of the person. Each man is a universe penetrated by other universes. A world begins with each of us, and no one knows its end. What spirals on toward an unknown destination cannot be contained in a vehicle of culture and civilization or described as a collection of invisible atoms linked together into a visible whole. The urgency that shook atoms together into a brain, that began to look through eyes and speak with tongues, is transforming man as man transforms all.

In this transformation we naturally want the strength and goodness of the old man to survive in the new. But the kind of valor and toughness in the old man may now have to yield to a new

In a guest editorial in SR of November 18, 1967, Frank K. Kelly wrote: "We are moving toward the moon and stars. We can build one world or set the earth on fire. But who speaks for mankind directly, person to person?" Mr. Kelly then proposed that the Secretary General of the United Nations deliver an annual State of Mankind Address in which he would set forth the great issues confronting all of humanity, thus enabling men of every nation to see "the planet as a whole, just as the astronauts see the unity of the globe when they fly around it." Since his editorial, Mr. Kelly, a vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has been conducting research in support of his proposal. Recently the editors asked him to restate and expand upon his ideas in this article.

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valor—the courage to surrender joyfully, to accept the fact that we are all closely related to one another, breathing upon one another, touching one another whether we want to touch or not.

The signals that will guide us in the continuing voyage into the future will be the signals of persons in contact—mysterious persons with universal human rights, men like women and women like men, aware that the whole wonder of mankind can be deciphered in every human face, aware that we are all going together and we won't know where we're going until we get there—and then we'll go beyond.

The spread of compassion in the midst of killing the world over indicates that the old man is being replaced. He may refuse to acknowledge that there is any grace in surrendering to peaceful change. He sinks slowly down within us, with roars and rages, retreating into darkness with his scarred shield firmly held, dying with a warning that he may return. Cool eyes of cameras in the skies record the monstrous miseries, the self-inflicted wounds, the crucifixions that men put upon others and upon themselves. But such things are not regarded as inevitable anymore. Even those who say that fighting cannot be quickly stopped—and a bitter truth is on their side—do not want war anymore.

In the United States, Japan, Germany, and other nations where radical groups have been controlled by force leaders seek better solutions to the problems that provoked the violence. Many are calling for drastic changes in the technological society that has crippled or alienated so many people. Wars are no longer considered profitable; industrialists and students alike have recognized that settlement of disputes by armed conflicts must be abandoned.

The gloomiest predictions made during the years since the establishment of the United Nations have not yet come true. The U.N. has been relatively feeble from the beginning—largely dependent upon the major nations, which have often failed to give that support. Yet the U.N. and related agencies—the World Health Organization, the Food and Agriculture Organization, the International Labor Office, the International Bank, UNICEF, the U.N. Development Fund, and many others—have helped to build the foundations for a community of man. U Thant has cited the process of decolonization that has "liberated nearly a billion people in less than a quarter of a century—a development on a scale that was inconceivable in 1945 and in which the U.N. has played a central role. . . . The obligation of the rich nations to assist the poor ones is now widely regarded as a normal feature of life and a new moral precept in the international community. And I think of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the effort to make it increasingly applicable, and the endless struggle against racism and discrimination in all their different forms that has been and is being waged at the United Nations."

The Secretary General also has stressed the increasing internationalism of young people. "Nothing could do more," he commented, "to increase the effectiveness of the United Nations than a modification of the concept of national sovereignty in harmony with the intellectual and technological realities of our time. There I believe that artists, scientists, businessmen, those who deal with communications of all kinds, and the young people can help us in a decisive way."

The young sing of answers "blowin' in the wind." All people now realize that the world's winds blow from one continent to another. We breathe our neighbors' air, and they breathe ours. Without clean air, we will choke and die together.

In matters of environment, the implication is clear. Mankind will have to choose between material progress and the continuation of life on Earth.

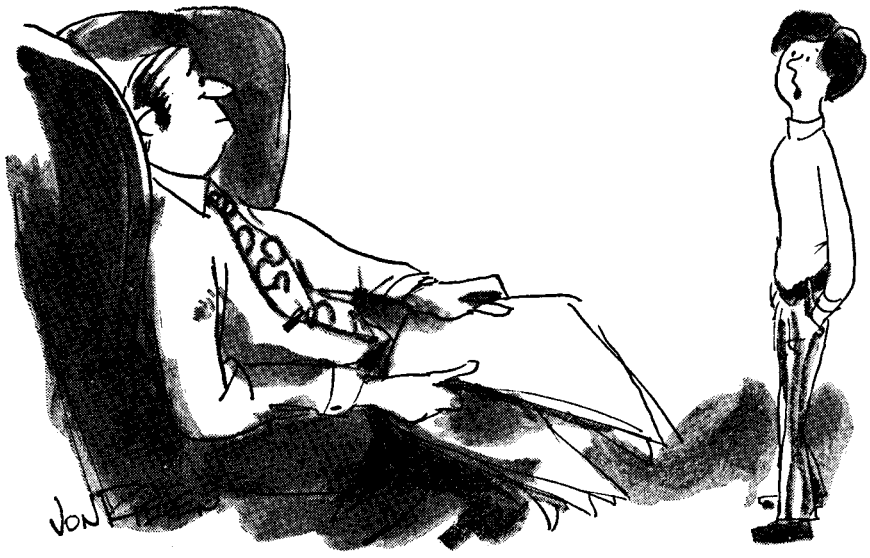
Sverker Astrom, the Swedish Ambassador to the United Nations, recently proposed a resolution calling for a world conference on what man is doing to his environment. Representatives of fifty-three nations endorsed the proposal, and it was adopted unanimously by the General Assembly. The conference will be held in Stockholm in 1972, but all governments concerned by the swelling tide of pollution obviously have been confronted by demands for more immediate action.

Ambassador Astrom told the Assembly: "Even if we avoid the risk of blowing up the planet, we may, by changing its face, unwittingly be parties to a process with the same fatal outcome. Indiscriminate and uncontrolled use of modern technology, indispensable as such technology is for economic and social progress, may set trends in motion which lead to unforeseen harmful effects in unexpected places."

Ambassador Astrom suggested that the conference might prepare a "Universal Declaration on the Protection and Betterment of the Human Environment." He said he did not know whether many of the damaging effects of runaway technology are irreversible, but he felt that steps to halt pollution have to be taken as swiftly as possible.

In Sweden, a national Consultative Board for Environmental Problems has been created to check the contamination of air and water. Swedish experts found that many pollutants were coming from the high chimneys of Britain and West Germany. Builders of such chimneys in Britain had claimed that their acrid fumes would be carried far from the United Kingdom—perhaps as far as Moscow. The Russians, becoming alarmed, have begun to show more interest in international efforts to control pollution.

Man may have to consider the effects of weather-changing experiments. Should the weather-modifying projects conducted by the United States, Israel, and other countries be monitored by an international commission? Israel has produced rain vital to a parched land in the Middle East, but what will be the long-range consequences? Can computers take into account all the filth spewed by factory chimneys, fallout from hydrogen bombs tested in the atmosphere by Communist China and perhaps others, effects on the earth's crust of under-



"Well, if you don't know what the world is coming to, who does?"

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ground explosions set off by the Soviet Union and the United States, and all the other repercussions of technological devices?

The crisis of environment will certainly be one of the great issues of the Seventies. President Nixon has established a council to consider all environmental problems, and the governors of many states are studying what needs to be done. Representative Richard L. Ottinger and other members of Congress have proposed a Constitutional amendment that provides for an "Environmental Bill of Rights." Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin has called for a "national land and ocean use policy that will set environmental standards with immediate sanctions for violations."

Political scientist Harvey Wheeler has predicted a "new politics of ecology." This issue, Wheeler said, produces "conflicts in the realm of knowledge and thought, in Teilhard de Chardin's 'noösphere.' Here we need new policy-forming institutions, based on a different kind of representation, eventually producing new parties devoted to the politics of ecology."

The question of saving life on Earth has become most pressing in the United States; the effects of pollution have become most noticeable here. In California and New York protesters with a wide range of political views have become almost as concerned about the preservation of environment as they are about the Vietnam War.

Divisions between reactionaries and radicals, conservatives and liberals, have become blurred in the struggle to save the air, water, and fertile earth necessary for human survival. Activist students participated in a conference convened by Governor Ronald Reagan of California and heard Mr. Reagan admit that California had been severely damaged. "We messed it up to begin with," Reagan said. "And we can clean it up. The opportunity is ours. The responsibility is ours."

Two powerfully phrased resolutions offered by California students were adopted at conferences on "People and Air" and "People and Water." A twenty-year-old girl from the University of California at Davis asked the state government to ban internal combustion engines in California by 1975. Another resolution, offered by a student from Berkeley, demanded reconsideration of a gigantic water project on which the California state government has already spent many millions of dollars. The resolution said: "Recycling of waste water and desalinization must be given a higher priority than long-distance water transport." It added that "the California water plan must not undergo any further development without further study of the degradation of the ecology of California." Meeting at Stanford University, 200 student leaders formed a confederation to create "more public awareness of our environmental crisis through widespread education, the electoral process, lobbying, economic boycotts, and public demonstrations of concern."

"The war can't start for another five hours. Our missiles are caught in a holding pattern over Kennedy International."

People in other states have prodded legislators and governors, judges and city managers, industrialists and union leaders to join the struggle while time remains.

The sign of unity is a sign of hope. This spring there will be a gathering in San Francisco to celebrate the first twenty-five years of the United Nations, to look at the dangers through which mankind has passed, and to renew mankind's confidence in the future. In my view, this would be the right time to present a report on mankind and life on Earth. California would be the right place to assemble those who might produce the ideas and the fiery determination needed to save Earth as a home for man.

Two other major issues to be faced by mankind are population control and the expansion of food production to feed the hungry millions now on the planet.

The prospects for many countries have improved enormously in the last few years, with the doubling of wheat, rice, and corn crops in Asia, Africa, and Latin America through the use of new types of grains, spoilage control, availability of fertilizers, better irrigation methods, and more use of machines. Barring unforeseen disasters, India expects to produce enough food for her 550 million people in 1970-71. Mexico now produces enough wheat for her population and ships a half-million tons of the grain to other countries. Indications are that Pakistan and Turkey will also be exporting grain in the next few years. A study recently released by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization indicates that by 1985 the demand for food in the poorer countries will be about two-and-a-half times the 1962 level. New types of wheat, rice, and other cereals are expected to meet this demand, using only one-third of the area now under cultivation. Land not used for cereals will be released for other crops.

These trends may give us enough time to bring the world's population under control before mass starvation occurs. Two distinguished groups recently have issued reports strongly recommending the establishment of a U.N. Commissioner for Population. The United Nations Association Policy Panel—headed by John D. Rockefeller, 3rd—said that such a commissioner should be added to the U.N. Development Program and should administer a fund of $100-million annually for family planning activities. The Commission on International Development, supported by the World Bank and headed by Lester Pearson, former Prime Minister of Canada, recommended that "the United Nations should appoint a Commissioner for Population. An international program should be launched through the World Bank in consultation with the World Health Organization for the mobilization of research in the field of fertility control."

There has been a most hopeful change in attitude toward population

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Saturday Review

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Getting to Know Each Other Better

As late as the era of Napoleon, only a century and a half ago—a mere heartbeat of time in the endless stretches of eternity—it took roughly as long to get from Rome to Paris as it had taken in Caesar's day. Caesar might have come on foot, by horse, or even by sea, yet Napoleon, eighteen centuries later, still could link these two capitals only by the same means. It is difficult to comprehend that, in our geometrically rapid age, the explosion of speed of communications has come so recently, and yet such is the case. To imagine a world without trains, planes, phones, radio, TV, jets, rockets, or computers is an almost impossible assignment for the human mind, though only half a dozen generations ago none of these means of communication was available to man.

Couriers developed in antiquity could run for hours on end, and, of course, there was the Greek who is said to have run from Marathon to Athens bearing news of the victory in 490 B.C. over the invading Persians. The modern Olympic Games marathon, which commemorates this remarkable feat of communication, is fixed at twenty-six miles, 385 yards, the exact distance the original Marathon-to-Athens runner covered to announce victory before dying of exertion. Horses have been through most of history by all odds the swiftest communicators, except for those rare instances when carrier pigeons and other birds could be trained to fly between two points. A horse can run a mile at top speed in just over a minute and a half, but long distance runs of more than a hundred miles have been proved with little or no rest for horse or rider—at 20 miles an hour average speed. The horse was, in any case, man's quickest means of communication until the new era of steam, gasoline, electric, jet, and atomic power.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries extensive use was made of the semaphore or signal telegraph, which, by lanterns, flags, and moving arms, spelled out letters and symbols, sometimes over long distances from extreme heights. It is said that one of the Rothschilds made his fortune when his semaphore system from hill to hill and ship to ship gave him in London the first reports of Wellington's victory at Waterloo. News of Napoleon's return had so depressed the London market that Rothschild was able to pick up issues at panic prices, which, of course, suddenly went sky-high upon formal announcement of Napoleon's defeat. The great clipper ships and first steam trains of the early 1800s transformed bodily communication. The clippers, full-rigged, with three raking masts, were perhaps the most magnificent sight ever seen on water. Famous old *Cutty Sark* once sailed 360 nautical miles in a single day!

Samuel F. B. Morse, an obscure art teacher at New York University, patented in 1837 a telegraph system that would work long distance, based on theories of Michael Faraday and Joseph Henry (Henry used to tap out messages between buildings at Princeton). Morse was able to persuade the U.S. Congress to give him $30,000 to build an experimental wire between Baltimore and Washington, a line stretched along the Baltimore & Ohio tracks. In May 1844 Morse touched a key in the Capitol, and what was received in Baltimore made history: "What hath God wrought?" Less than a week later a piece of good luck made Morse famous for life and an American legend. The Democratic National Convention was being held in Baltimore, and the dark horse, James K. Polk, unexpectedly nosed out Martin Van Buren, the favorite, on the final ballot. This news was telegraphed at once from convention headquarters to Capitol Hill, where nobody would believe it because Van Buren had been considered the outstanding choice for the Democratic Presidential nominee. But when the first trains began to arrive from Baltimore later in the day confirming that Polk was indeed the candidate, the accuracy, speed, and importance of the telegraph became publicly accepted at once, and Morse and his instrument world-famous. The pony express, the semaphore, the carrier pigeon, and the fast schooner were instantaneously outmoded.

Next in the growth of communications came wireless telegraphy, based on the discovery of electromagnetic waves by several of its inventor's predecessors in the field. Marconi, born exactly thirty years after the news of the Polk nomination had been relayed by telegraph, transmitted long-wave signals without wires in 1895 (he was only twenty-one) and trans-Atlantic signals in 1901. Using the newly discovered Hertzian waves, Marconi laid the foundation for world-wide wireless. His first trans-Atlantic signal was the letter "S" from Lands End, England, to Saint John's, Newfoundland. By 1903 his marine wireless had been involved in several dramatic rescues at sea, and its value immediately accepted by shipping lines. In a way, Marconi's was the first "broadcast."

With all our new gadgets, though, a peaceful world appears as elusive as ever; perhaps it is not the wondrous mechanics and scientific brain children of man that have been wanting up to now but a part of man himself. Men have an organization perfectly capable of achieving world peace through world law in the United Nations, now in its second quarter-century. Men are also capable of outlawing atomic weapons that can blow us all to smithereens by tomorrow morning, yet the great modern ease of communication has not seemed able to achieve even rudimentary common sense on Earth. Perhaps getting to know each other better through our geometrically developed communicating systems will move men toward peace with one another through world law. We have the tools—using the U. N. and instantaneous world rapport—if we will only begin to do the job. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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Letters to the Editor

Congress and Foreign Policy

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Who Makes Our Foreign Policy?" [*SR*, Feb. 14] is an insightful comment on the tragedy of the American democratic system. Americans have completely lost sight of the separation of powers concept so vital in the structure of our democracy.

More than a hundred years ago, one of the great constitutionalists in our history, Daniel Webster, warned of the exact predicament in which the country now finds itself. His words, speaking of the Mexican War in 1847, sound very familiar:

> I hold the war-making power to be intrusted to Congress. The Constitution places it there. I believe that Congress was surprised into the recognition of war on the 13th of May, 1846. I believe that if the question had been put to Congress before the advance march of our troops, not ten votes could have been obtained to pronounce that there was then an existing state of things which amounted to, or justified, war or to declare war against Mexico. . . . It must be admitted to be the clear intent of the Constitution, that no foreign war should exist without the assent of Congress. This was meant as a restraint on the executive power.

The reassertion of Congressional authority will take a great deal of courage on the part of many members of Congress.

GEORGE E. CARTER,
Hanover, N.H.

Feminism of Self-fulfillment

IF THE feminist movement can do no better than the outlandish statements made by Lucy Komisar in "The New Feminism" [*SR*, Feb. 21], I can't foresee how it can be "destined to eclipse the black civil rights struggle."

Money may be "the mark of value" in some segments of our society, but to many who search for a meaningful existence it is not the index of self-fulfillment. It seems to me that women are in a better position than men to achieve self-fulfillment. Women, many of whom are free of the chains that bind the breadwinner to the pursuit of the dollar, have opportunities to make their lives meaningful that are closed to men. They may become involved in activities that "really matter"; they can pursue jobs, the rewards of which may be other than financial; they can, in short, design a meaningful existence.

CAROL SOMSEL,
Bremen, Ind.

LUCY KOMISAR'S article articulates the frustration, boredom, concern, and alienation, as well as a determination to fight for change, of many American women. If, indeed, the central thrust of the feminist critique is "the recognition that women have been forced to accept an inferior role in society, and that we have come to believe in our own inferiority"—that may explain the present confusion in the movement itself. To recognize that many Americans regard the position of women as inferior does not prove women have been forced to accept such a position.

Men and women have created American society, although the role of women has not been documented in detail. American women can and must share the credit and the blame. At present, the American predicament is in many ways a disturbing one—given Vietnam, race relations, poverty, and environmental pollution. Women should not go out into the world merely because they resent housework, but because they can and must contribute to a change in the life-style that will make the solution of major social problems possible. To imply that women should go out after "meaningless" jobs (they are better than housework for which one is not paid) is debasing. I would agree with Miss Komisar when she says "money is the mark of value in this society." That this is a fact is at the root of many contemporary American personal and social problems, and women are as much to blame, if not more so, than men—e.g., the female demands for the clothes, food, homes, and entertainment of the jet set. If the decade of the 1970s does belong to us, may we use it for the men, women, and children of the world—not merely for the women of the United States!

MRS. JUDY DISTEFANO,
History Department,
Ohio State University,
Columbus, O.

"Sesame Street" Defense

RE: "Cutting Oedipal Ties" by Robert Lewis Shayon [TV-RADIO, Feb. 14]. There is so much inane drivel on commercial television that pseudopsychologists like Mr. Shayon should be thankful that more not less *Sesame Streets* are brought into the homes of millions of children.

My wife is a teacher; we have four small children, and the traumas that Shayon predicts for the young children who watch *Sesame Street* would be laughable if his article were not so pitiful. Except for *Misterogers* and a few other programs that occasionally hit the airwaves there is almost no good and informative show for young children. If Shayon is so concerned about the psyche of young children because of *Sesame Street*, then I wonder what he thinks is happening to the millions of children who are exposed to a daily montage of cheap cartoons, always involving violence, except when interrupted by a multitude of cheap commercials.

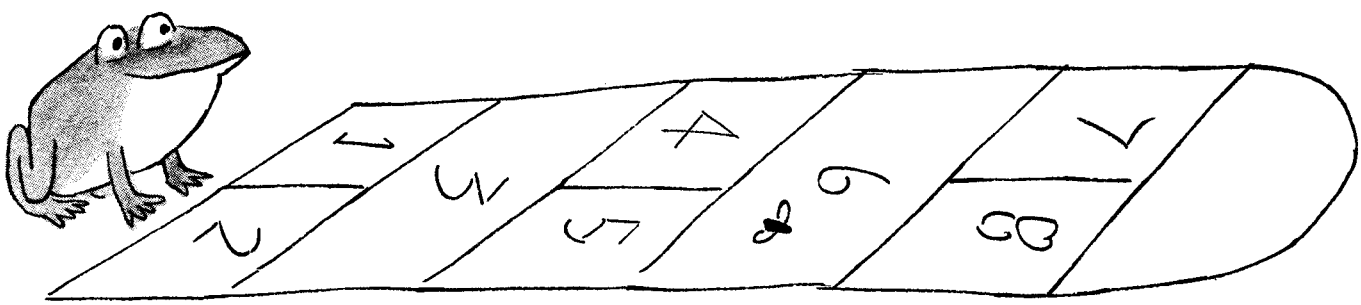
I have no doubt that *Sesame Street* could be better, as everything that exists could be improved. However, with this one bright ray of sunlight in an otherwise dark jungle of garbage, Shayon could have used the space to attack the worst of children's television, not the best.

ROBERT D. VOGEL,
Vacaville, Calif.

Seasonal Slip-up

JOHN LEAR in "The Bones on Coalsack Bluff: A Story of Drifting Continents" [*SR*, Feb. 7] errs when he writes of "the Antarctic during the polar summer (in the Temperate Zone winter, that is)." Since the Temperate Zone exists in both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, I presume he intended to write: "the Antarctic during the summer (in the *Northern Hemisphere* winter, that is)."

RICHARD W. MILLER,
Kenosha, Wis.



S. GROSS

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TV-Radio

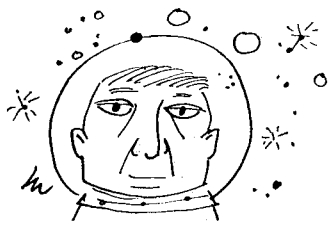
Robert Lewis Shayon

Act with ACT

THE FCC made quiet history recently when the commissioners published a notice that they had accepted for filing. The notice asked for comments on a succinct proposal by Action for Children's Television (ACT), a Boston-based group of mothers that is rapidly acquiring national prominence. ACT asked the FCC to rule that each station, as part of its public service requirements, carry at least fourteen hours of children's programing, on a daily basis, in specified time periods, for preschool, primary, and elementary school groups. ACT also asked the commission to make a rule that would bar sponsorship of and commercials on children's programs, and to prohibit performers on such programs from using or mentioning products, services, or brand names.

The FCC's action came rather quickly after ACT committee members Lillian Ambrosino, Judith Chalfen, Peggy Charren, Evelyn Sarson, and Joann Spiro had met with the commissioners in Washington, D.C., and submitted their proposal. Interested observers should understand that a request for comments (within thirty days, but extensions can be arranged) indicates that the commission is neutral on the proposal. Actually, no one believes that the FCC seriously contemplates any such revolutionary step. The commission may wish to prod the networks into more children's programing; or Dean Burch, the new chairman, may be setting a precedent that will be useful in an expected move on the "indecency" front.

Viewed in historical context, however, the request for comments bristles with speculative possibilities. Only twice before has the FCC approached the sensitive areas of program categories and content—domains left entirely to the discretion of licensees. In 1947, the commission's famous Blue Book study proposed minimum hours of public service broadcasting, but the idea was shelved after stormy protests from the industry and Congress. In 1960, the FCC set forth certain categories of programs that all stations were expected to carry. A licensee's record in this area is still part of application and renewal procedures, but it is a notorious fact that stations that carry no news and public affairs programs (two of the categories) have had their licenses routinely renewed. In justifying its failure to act, the FCC has traditionally cited the Communications Act of 1934, which bars the commission from censorship and excludes stations from common carrier law.



Over this background now falls the shadow of the commission's request for comments on the ACT proposal. If the FCC can request comments on children's programs, why not on other types of broadcasting? The commission could reason that the law traditionally recognizes children as a special case, and that action taken in that area cannot serve as precedent for action in others. It may be agreed that the proposed prohibition in the content area of commercials on children's programs falls in the special case area and may not be transferred to other content areas. But it also may be reasoned that a requirement to carry fourteen hours a week of children's programing in specific time periods is a category request, and that the FCC, in the past, has asserted its legal power to regulate categories. If the commission is willing to discuss rule-making for categories in children's programs, why not discuss rules for categories in news and public affairs?

Stations need not be required to carry such programs without advertising (an unwarranted extension of the children's special case), but they could be required to carry news and public affairs on a sustaining basis. For concerned television viewers, the immediate opportunity lies in accepting the FCC's invitation to comment on the ACT proposal. The Boston mothers have shown one way to effective reform. They have harnessed a sense of outrage at the commercialization of children's programs and taken legal steps.

Parents who suffer silently can now act with ACT by filing comments with the FCC, pro or con. The procedure is simple but must be technically correct. The Citizens Communications Center will supply free legal and administrative assistance and duplication of documents at cost. The address is 1816 Jefferson Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. (Telephone: 202-296-4238. Ask for Albert H. Kramer.)

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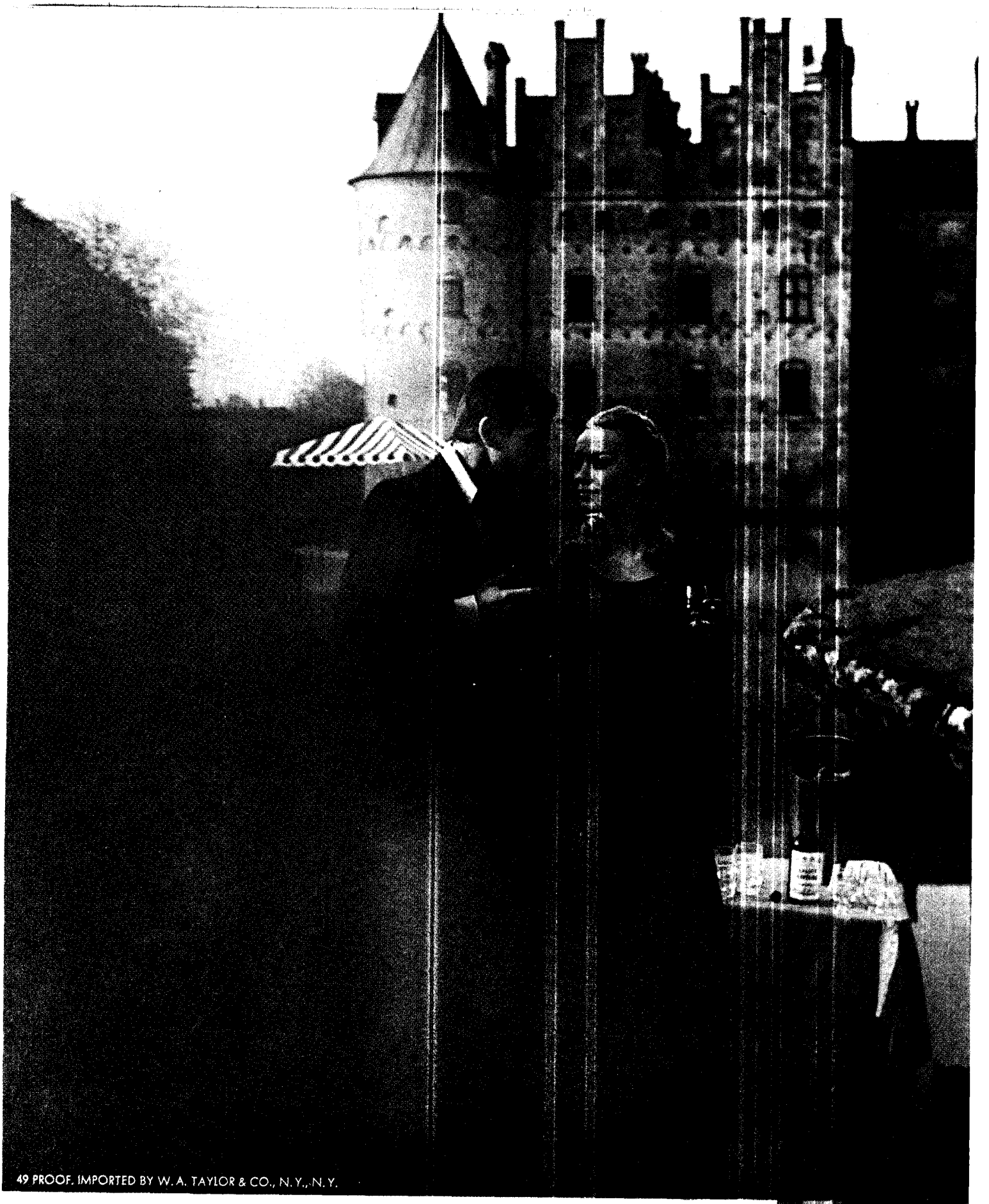

Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.
Cherry Heering.

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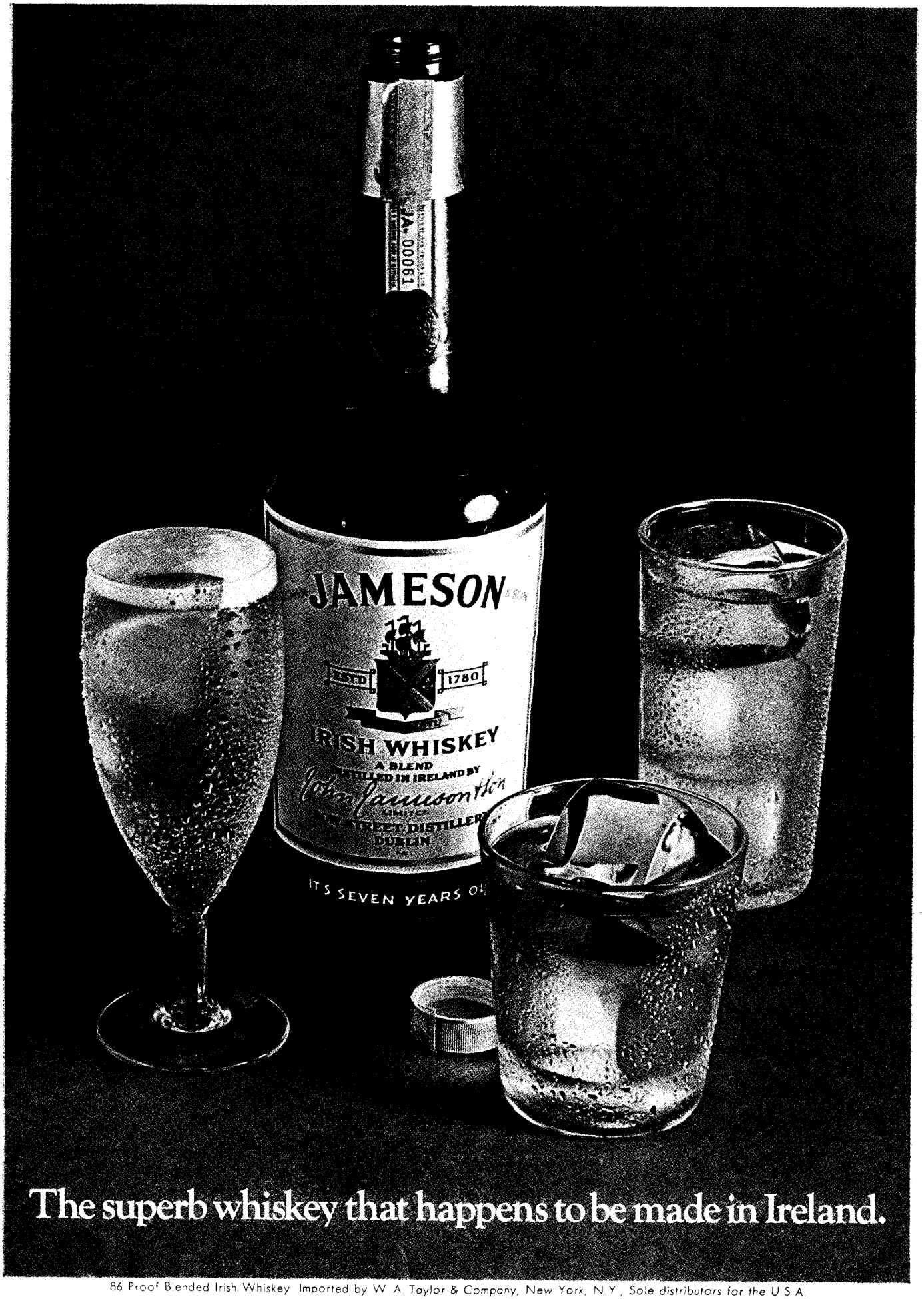

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An essay review of "The Notebooks of Thomas Wolfe," edited by Richard S. Kennedy and Paschal Reeves (University of North Carolina Press, 2 vols. boxed, 1,024 pp., $30)

Motes in the Eye of a Mountainous Man

by HARRY T. MOORE

"The mountains were my masters," Thomas Wolfe noted in 1924, "the unyielding mountains which were beyond the necessity of growth and change." He put that down in a hitherto unpublished travel diary on his first trip to Europe at the age of twenty-four, when publication of his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, lay just five years ahead. The sentence was prophetic of all his writings, for although he struggled to achieve growth and change before his death at thirty-seven, his talent remained unyielding, and his fiction had the fixed and jagged immensity of a mountain range.

Critics have tended to deal severely with Wolfe because his novels are almost invariably autobiographical, and because he too often yielded to the enticements of a Southern-style rhetoric that became repetitious, bloated, and wearying. Yet he was always an intense observer who could vigorously record grotesqueries of human behavior, so that even if his central figure remained rather monotonously the same ("O lost!") he was often surrounded by characters who, though also not growing, stood out as vivid and engaging, often attractively comic.

The story of Wolfe and the two editors—Maxwell Perkins and Edward C. Aswell—who struggled to give some unity to his work is sufficiently well known to need no retelling here, but it must be said that the *Notebooks* add greatly to our understanding of the ordeal of those two men and of Wolfe's own ambitions and purposes. Richard S. Kennedy and Paschal Reeves, the editors of these volumes of his journals, were also under drastic pressure as they worked for five strenuous years at deciphering Wolfe's often smudged penciled scrawls in thirty-three pocket notebooks, one ledger, and a great many loose papers. But as well as for their magnifying-glass labors these editors deserve congratulations for the way they have carried out their intention to "present a kind of interior biography of Wolfe beginning with his years at Harvard, the time of his first serious literary endeavors."

At the end of their two volumes the editors include the last of Wolfe's writings (except for some letters), "A Western Journal," parts of which have been published before. About one-tenth of the available material in these notebooks is left out, such as repetitious statistics concerning cities, people, and books, grocery lists, American Express Travelers Cheque numbers, and similar matters. One necessary omission is mentioned in a beguilingly deadpan note: "At this point Wolfe sets down a list of the women with whom he has had sexual relations in the United States and the states in which they were born." For the sake of the curious it might be added that most of this material, including the above suppressed item, is at Harvard, though probably scrupulously guarded.

Despite the exclusions, a good many lists remain in the text—authors from various countries, projected characters, records of royalties—but, perhaps surprisingly, these are frequently interesting. The most absorbing passages, however, are Wolfe's instant impressions of places or people, hasty and often unpunctuated jottings. They display his gift for observation, and they come up from the page bright and living, as they might not when incorporated into his grandiloquent sentences. Many times such rough notations inform the "interior biography" and provide piquant travelogue as well, both European and American. There are also numerous fairly long "written

HARRY T. MOORE, a research professor at Southern Illinois University, edits the series Crosscurrents/Modern Critiques and Crosscurrents/Modern Fiction.

SR: BOOKS

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30 **"Interruptions,"** by David Littlejohn

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34 **"One Hundred Years of Solitude,"** by Gabriel García Márquez

36 **"The Great American Jackpot,"** by Herbert Gold

37 **"The Ideas of Henry Luce,"** edited by John K. Jessup

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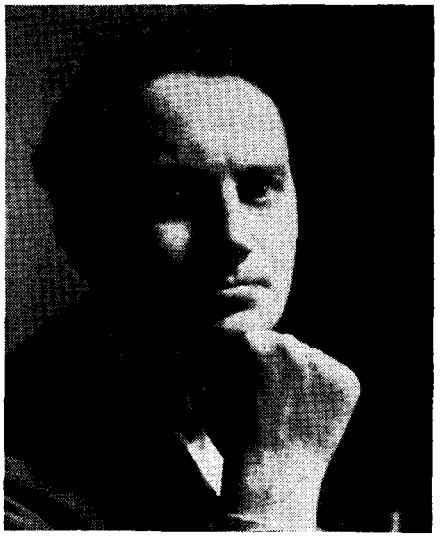
out" sections which supply examples of Wolfe's early drafts of published and occasionally unpublished novels, stories, or sketches.

While the editors have usually been expert and accurate, with so much material to manipulate they were bound to make some slips, which can easily be corrected in a possible second printing. They say, for example, that they have inserted the French and German accent marks which Wolfe so frequently omitted, yet a number of names occur without them, including Cézanne, Avénue Kléber, *Walküre* and Molière, to mention a few. The Spanish painter Zubarán becomes Zurberan, and the French playwright Simon Gantillon appears as Goutillon, a somewhat pardonable error of transcription. One of the editors' notes says that when Wolfe saw "the Aldingtons" in Paris in 1930, Richard Aldington's "wife, Hilda Doolittle, the Imagist poet, was with him"; it is true that until 1937 Aldington was married to the poet known as H. D., but the "Mrs. Aldington" of that Paris occasion was Brigit Patmore. Also, the editors state that Robert McAlmon was the original of Bill Gorton in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*; Gorton was actually based on Donald Ogden Stewart.

At times, however, the editorial notes inadvertently correct previous misstatements made by other writers, as when they quote a Wolfe letter mentioning a dinner party, thereby showing that the original of the poet Rosalind Bailey in *The Web and the Rock* was not Edna St. Vincent Millay, as the late Richard Chase maintained in his 1960 introduction to that book, but Elinor Wylie, a fact which Chase could have picked up from the 1956 edition of the *Letters*.

Most of these issues are minor. The

(*Continued on page* 46)



Thomas Wolfe: " . . . brothers, we must brothers be—or die."

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Noble Failure

AUGUST MEIER [*SR*, Feb. 14] says Martin Luther King's career was a tragedy, for "he had succeeded neither in his mission to liberate the black man in America nor in his mission to end the Vietnam War and bring peace to the world." Is failing in these immense and noble causes tragedy? The essays reviewed cover at least a dozen important victories, most of which changed American society for the better. The only tragedy is that King was not given time to achieve more.

F. C. STINSON,
Toronto, Ont.

Refugees and Responsibility

I GROW CONTINUALLY IMPATIENT with the frequency with which the truth must be dinned into the ears of "informed" individuals such as Mr. Manfred Halpern [*SR*, Feb. 14].

He implies that the Arab refugee problem is, to a certain extent, Israel's responsibility, when in fact this problem is entirely the responsibility of the Arab states. If they had not attacked Israel, there would have been no reason for these Arabs to leave their homes. Israel did not force them out; in fact, there is documented evidence that the Israelis begged them to stay. Moreover, if these Arab states had offered the refugees citizenship and equality, instead of herding them into refugee camps (supported by the U.N.), there would be no Arab refugee problem today.

There were just as many Jewish refugees from Arab countries who came to Israel during Israel's War of Independence. Israel welcomed them as brothers, while the Arab states saw fit to use the Arab refugees as a political football in order to obtain world sympathy for their ultimate end, which is the total destruction of Israel and the annihilation of its Jewish population.

MELVYN MILLMAN,
Princeton, N.J.

MR. HALPERN SPEAKS of Israeli aggression in the 1956 Sinai War. I was an officer in the Israel Defense Forces at the time, and shall never forget the hundreds of *fedayeen* taken from Egyptian jails on the Gaza Strip and sent over our borders with Stens, grenades, and explosives before the war.

REUVEN D. LEVINE,
New York, N.Y.

MANFRED HALPERN'S INSIGHT into the Arab-Israel question is fresh and provocative: a relief from the day-to-day reporting of news media!

RAYMOND J. SMYKE,
Washington, D.C.

I WOULD LIKE Professor Halpern to answer one question for me: How do the Israelis establish "new, sustainable connections" with a people that are the pampered darlings of the Third World and who absolutely deny the Israelis the right to exist?

Does Professor Halpern really believe the myth of Israeli "aggression"? If so, I contend he is not an impartial observer!

CLARA WISHNER,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Bully for Berrigan—and Boo!

MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS and thanks to you all for printing the superb essay by Daniel Berrigan [*SR*, Feb. 14]. It is reassuring in this period of attacks against the communications media to find a national magazine with enough courage to print such a valid and stinging indictment of our system.

PETER T. MIDDLETON,
Belmont, Mass.

HE LIGHTS OUR MINDS and our hearts to a path of understanding and *activity* against the war in Vietnam, which, if followed, will prevent each of us from becoming a "casualty of war," mentally and morally blighted forevermore.

MRS. JACK ALLOY,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IT REALLY PAINS ME to disagree with a fellow Jesuit priest, but I do.

All decent men and women will agree with Father Berrigan's condemnation of those few Americans who allegedly committed rape and murder in a small South Vietnamese village. But let's not make blanket condemnations. "The question of this book is not so much how to avenge a raped and murdered Vietnamese woman as to know how to deal with technological killers, the Americans who in most instances are ready to perpetrate such deeds as are . . . recorded here." How does the Reverend Berrigan prove his charge?

Here is a set of questions for Father Berrigan and his friends at Hanoi and at Cornell: When has Hanoi and the North Vietnamese government ever court-martialed anyone for the slaughter of civilians? When has it allowed a neutral team to inspect its prison camps? When has it ever released the names of prisoners of war, and when has it allowed free access of mail to and from its prison camps?

I believe Father Berrigan is a sincere man, a religious man, who offers the Sacrifice of the Mass daily for such as I. But I think he would do better to stay with his poetry.

In my opinion he is not adept at politics, or—maybe—ethics. I think he is a very lovable man, perhaps a very saintly person. But saints are sometimes hard to live with.

JOSEPH D'INVILLIERS, S.J.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

The beauty of America never ceases to amaze me. In my own country, upstate New York would be regarded with reverential awe, and much of New England considered one of the most glorious of heritages. Yet how insignificant even they become when placed alongside the staggering beauties of the West. There is scarcely an inch of Great Britain, save for the seashore, that is not man-made. Fortunately, tens of thousands of square miles of America have not yet been scarred by humanity. This, however, may not be for long, unless we become more aware, both in England and in America, of man's relationship with his environment. Certainly many Englishmen and even more Americans are troubled. [See *SR* ENVIRONMENT: THE QUALITY OF LIFE, beginning on page 47.]

Other Western countries—except perhaps for the Netherlands, perched on that great sewer of Europe, the Rhine—are less worried, while Africa, India, the Far East, and Central and South America seem blandly indifferent. Of course, even in those latter regions there are devoted men and women with their own particular concerns about wildlife or ancient monuments. Here and there, as in Kenya, governments have been forced to protect their vanishing game, though maybe as much for the sake of tourist traffic as for the safety of the animals. But only in America and Britain has conservation become a vital political issue. Some Western European nations are now following in their wake, and the fascinating aspect of this change is that the most highly urbanized countries are the most preoccupied with their rural surroundings. Perhaps only industrial societies can afford the luxury—and the cost—of proper environmental care.

Long, long ago, 10,000 years or so, when men were relatively few, there was no problem. Moreover, just as the Australian aborigines of today exploit their environment with great care, it is likely that prehistoric man exercised caution in his hunting—sparing the pregnant female animals, taking the young only occasionally. But the neolithic revolution, which led to agriculture and the domestication of animals, altered all that. Sheep-breeding ruined the ecology of central Spain. The primitive farmers of Britain stripped the North and West of its woodlands. The Mediterranean coast of Africa and its hinterland are other man-made disasters produced by careless farming. Many will remember how close Oklahoma came to turning itself into another vast desert—again through wanton, thoughtless exploitation.

Peasants do not care. For them, with rare exceptions, the country is hostile and has little esthetic appeal. No English farm laborer bothers about the tin shacks, pylons, or junk heaps that disfigure the land. Our concern with our environment is relatively recent, less perhaps than one hundred years old, and for most of that time it has been a minority movement—an obsession of antiquaries, animal lovers, vegetarians, and do-gooders. There was nothing in it for the politicians.

The changing attitudes to nature, to the wild environments and man's spoliation of them, began with Romanticism, arising in the most urbanized parts of Western Europe, and were almost entirely confined to the sensitive members of the middle class. Only towards the end of the nineteenth century, with the popularity of the bicycle and the growth of hiking clubs, did the artisan and the working man get his opportunity to appreciate the splendors of nature and its capacity to refresh with space, solitude, and the hypnotic sense of timelessness. And so were bred those small societies for the preservation of antiquities and the protection of wildlife. Yet the men and women who gave their energies to save our heritage were mostly conceived of as obstinate cranks, thwarters of progress, lunatic opponents of profit, and therefore probably cryptocommunists or pinkos. Although they had their victories, great and small, winning a national park in the Rockies, saving a terrace of houses in Savannah, their sense of urgency affected only a few politicians. Only if connected with tourism did it acquire real bite; then the politician's voice would bellow forth to save the bison or the redwoods.

Now, suddenly, there is a new awareness, a horrified realization that man may destroy himself more efficiently by ruining his environment than by manufacturing nuclear weapons. Agrarian society was destructive; industrial society is a billion times more so.

The real danger, however, is industry plus reproduction. And here let me recommend to you a disturbing yet penetrating article by Charlton Ogburn, Jr., "Catastrophe by Numbers," in the December 1969 issue of *American Heritage*. Ogburn's statistics are appalling. It is not food that is the problem—science may easily take care of that—but resources, space, and the rate at which we destroy and pollute our environment without any thought of future generations. DDT works, so use it and damn the consequences. It's the same with oil and gasoline. And, above all, it's the same with children. We want them, we will have them. Conservation is not just preserving this piece of the Rockies or that old street of brownstones. It has become a massive problem of social education and social engineering, in which law and coercion will have to be used.

This brilliant article of Ogburn's should be in every school, in every home. Man's greed, his blind satisfaction of his own appetites must be checked; and there are signs that, at last, governments are putting the needs of the people before immediate profits.

If anyone doubts the value of such social discipline, such concern with the welfare of the majority of men and women and their environment, let him buy *The American West*, by Ann and Myron Sutton (Random House, $20). In it the beauties of the West, not only its mountains, canyons, and deserts but also its animals, birds, and insects, are displayed in the most magnificent photographs I have even seen. Here is a heritage of incomparable splendor, stretching from the arctic wastes of Alaska to the tropical waters of Baja California. Enjoy the photography, then read the text, and you will understand in what jeopardy this great treasure stands, how it already has been violated and corroded, and that only through the relentless and dedicated fight of committed men and women, occasionally backed by state or federal aid, has so much been preserved.

But time is short. Within thirty years another 100 million Americans will be eating up the space and the solitude, clamoring for the oil and the minerals, spewing out their consumer waste. Indeed, as Charlton Ogburn stresses, the key to conservation is the control of reproduction: without that, defeat is certain, for we should remember that man is nature's most formidable parasite. Quaint though it may seem to us now, our tax systems may have to go sharply into reverse—bonuses for bachelors, high taxes on large families. That could happen within a decade, and even then it may be too late.

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Vietnam

SAIGON, U.S.A.

by Alfred Hassler

Baron, 291 pp., $6.95, paperback, $3.95

"THE VIETNAM WAR," writes Alfred Hassler, "has probably stimulated the creation of more ad hoc groups of citizens concerned about a single subject than any other incident in American political history." *Saigon, U.S.A.* is an account of his findings as a member of two such groups. Mr. Hassler, a conscientious objector during World War II, is the national executive secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a peace organization with headquarters in Nyack, New York. He was in Vietnam with the clergymen's committee of the Fellowship for a short visit in 1965, went there for two weeks by himself in 1967, and visited Saigon briefly with the United States Study Team on Religious and Political Freedom in Vietnam during June 1969.

The book is essentially a political tract in which Mr. Hassler expresses his opposition to American involvement in the war. He is particularly critical of the American support of the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu, and of what he considers to be the Saigon government's oppression of the Vietnamese people. He is not, however, sympathetic toward the Vietcong or their North Vietnamese allies, and is impatient with American radicals who are.

Instead, Mr. Hassler argues that there is a Third Force in Vietnam standing between the Saigon régime and the Vietcong. He contends that this Third Force has a solution to end the fighting and to provide for an independent and neutral Vietnam. He maintains that it has not been allowed to assume an openly active role in Vietnamese politics because it has been repressed by the Thieu régime and, indirectly, by the United States.

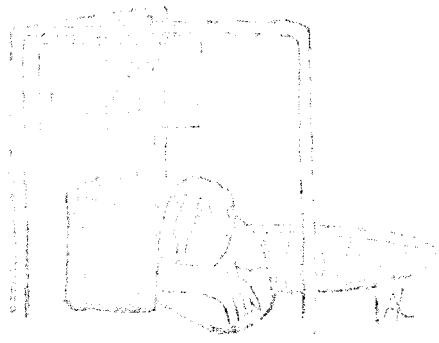
According to Mr. Hassler, the Third Force is located in the cities, is committed to nonviolent tactics, is not in search of power for its own sake, and is pitted not only against the Thieu government but also against the United States. He names Buddhist monks, jailed politicians, censored editors, and hidden intellectuals as its leaders.

The solution to the conflict offered by the Third Force, as described by Mr. Hassler, includes five points. The Thieu régime must be replaced by a government representative of the popular forces. That interim government would order a South Vietnamese ceasefire and ask its allies and adversaries to suspend hostilities. The new government would call upon the United States to withdraw totally, and would initiate negotiations to have the North Vietnamese pull out. Proposals would be made to North Vietnam to remove obstacles to trade and travel between the two parts of the country. Finally, negotiations with the National Liberation Front (Vietcong) to hold genuinely free elections would be proposed.

But Mr. Hassler raises doubts when he writes: "Whether such blueprints and plans exist in systematic form, whether there have been discussions and agreements among the religious and political leadership of the Third Force, is impossible to demonstrate." He contends that these have occurred, but that they have not come fully to the surface for fear of oppression by the present government in Saigon.

The author also acknowledges the possibility that the insurgents may simply sweep over the country and into power in Saigon if the Third Force solution is tried. "There is no assurance that such a procedure would 'work.' The fabric of Vietnamese life has been shredded, and it may be that the battered and persecuted nationalists could not, when the chips are down, summon enough political and personal cohesion to create and sustain a government of the sort they seek against the skillful organization the NLF would bring to the contest." He nevertheless argues that even this would be better than the bloodletting now going on.

The major difficulty with Mr. Hassler's thesis is that he does not answer the basic question of how the Third Force is to achieve power and implement its solution. He concedes that "obviously such a government could not be elected." He believes only one thing is necessary: that the United States "make clear to the Saigon government and to the people of South Vietnam its unwillingness any longer to prevent the replacement of that government with one genuinely representative of the popular will." But then he cops out: "How that message is to be communicated and the replacement accomplished are matters that must perforce be left, respectively, to the State Department's experts in communication and to the Vietnamese themselves."



That there is noncommunist opposition to Saigon's rulers is beyond question. But that it is a coherent, cohesive political force is doubtful. There are at least three major groups of Buddhists, two anti-Thieu divisions among the Catholics, the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious-political sects, remnants of the Dai Viet and VNQDD political parties, rival factions within the army, and ethnic and regional groups. Each has long been suspicious of the others and none has shown signs that it is genuinely willing to get together with the others to form a workable political alliance. One opponent of President Thieu who visited Washington recently told reporters in a private conversation that he had been trying for several years to form an anti-Thieu coalition. He said his efforts had been in vain because no one trusted anyone else.

Mr. Hassler stands on much firmer ground when he describes the intimidation, the arrests, the imprisonment, and the torture of the political opposition. Some of his evidence is eyewitness, either his own or that of other members of the study team. Some comes from former prisoners, who tell in graphic and convincing detail of the suffering they endured. Even if their stories were embellished in the repeating, they sound authentic enough to make the reader wince. Mr. Hassler quotes a former government official:

> Until recently, the water cure meant forcing the prisoner's head under water and holding it there until he very nearly strangled, then pulling it out and letting him recover for a while, then forcing his head under again, and so on until he yielded or died. Now it is simpler. A gag is placed on the prisoner's face—remember he is bound—so that it covers his mouth and nose completely. Then water is dripped on the gag, a drop at a time. As the gag becomes soaked the prisoner has a harder and harder time breathing and after a while he cannot breathe at all. It takes longer, of course, but it has the advantage of giving the prisoner more time to reflect on what is happening to him.

The chapter on prisons and prisoners is a telling indictment of President Thieu's régime. If Hassler's charges are true, and he leaves little room for doubt, the Saigon government has much to answer for. So does the United States government. For, as Mr. Hassler notes, "American advisers operate throughout the whole bureaucracy of South Vietnam, and it would be straining credulity to argue that they do not know of the obscene things that happen in prisons that have sometimes

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been built or are currently being enlarged with American dollars."

Mr. Hassler expresses himself clearly and in a calmer and more dispassionate tone than many of those who write about Vietnam. He rambles a bit and is repetitious at times, but only occasionally does he wander off into the rhetoric of the peace movement. The major shortcoming in his book is that he asserts but does not prove. Except for his reportage on political oppression, Mr. Hassler does not make his case.

Richard Halloran

Richard Halloran, a diplomatic correspondent for The New York Times in Washington, reported from Asia for five years.

VINH LONG

by Harvey Meyerson

Houghton Mifflin, 220 pp., $5.95

NINETEEN-SEVENTY, and the killing goes on; fewer GIs dying these days, all right, but still plenty of the young every week; death while Paris drones, Hanoi still as hard as Ho, Nixon talking earnestly about a process known as Vietnamization (what exactly is it, subversives ask), and Thieu, who thinks he knows, talking nervously ("honestly," he says, is the way the U.S. must "help" Vietnam), talking almost like an employee trying to get the best possible severance deal—all this while a 1970 official American, a lot wiser, humbler, more realistic than the pre-Tet 1968 model, patrols the land from the seventeenth parallel to the Mekong Delta. Cautious Optimism is his name. You can't miss him. He wears stars or pin stripes, cites body counts or pacification statistics, tells you that the ratios, charts, graphs are all up. Up. *Up. Up!* Well, that's fair enough. Things are—appear to be?—better today than they have been, better in a fragile kind of way, what with all those enemy still dug in; yes, even though things are not as good as C. Optimism would have you believe. But let's get back to Year One of this war: how did it happen to *us*? How did the U.S. get so messed up in what was programed to be a quick zap, the enemy laying down his AK-47s, we shaping the future? How?

Well, an expanding shelf of books has been probing for the answers to the enigma, the obsession, this American trauma, and Harvey Meyerson's, the latest attempt, is one of the more modest and one of the more revealing. It is easy in Vietnam to go scurrying around, from War Zone C to the DMZ to the newest pacification exhibition to the briefings—you drop in on the Special Projects Information Office of Military Assistance Command, Vietnam (MACV) and they'll lay it on nice and officially complete, at times, with mimeographed delusions—but Meyerson, in the Thoreau tradition, chose to travel much in one place. You might even call Vinh Long Meyerson's Concord. Vinh Long is a province—one of sixteen—in the rich, populous Delta, and he made periodic visits to his province over a two-year span between 1967 and 1968. "It struck me," he writes, "that virtually no one who reported on the war in Vietnam had stood still for any length of time. . . . Maybe something could be learned from picking a spot, then standing still for a while."

His book is a dossier on what he learned by standing still in Vinh Long. It isn't a narrative of war so much as an anthology of insights. Meyerson concentrated not on the gunfire but on the American and the Vietnamese ways of doing things, of warring; on our requirements and theirs. Strategies after the Tet offensive, he discovered, "collided in full view. The Americans said, 'They've fled. Let's go get them.' ARVN [Army of Vietnam] said, 'Let's wait and see.' " Another discovery: "In Vinh Long, many of the young American captains who went along on these 'search and destroy' operations (with ARVN) used among themselves the designation 'seek and evade.' "

But Myerson doesn't leave the Americans unindicted. They come in for a revealing examination of their shortcomings in a war where career-minded officers put in their twelve months, then leave their particular problem to the next arrivals. The new guy takes over and, often because he's got his eye on his next promotion, he starts radiating optimism (MACV is uncomfortable with nonsuccess). If things don't work out, well, by then he'll be on his way home and another representative of U.S. commitment will be on the scene. And so on. It's the old story all over again. The U.S. has not been in Vietnam sixteen years; it's been there a year sixteen times.

There are so many good lines in *Vinh Long* that some of them deserve quotation:

> The first part [of the book] is the story of a pacification project. It shows how Americans were unable to see what was happening around

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maidenly
in autumn floating to earthy brown
the thistledown breast as soft
the crusty pod as rib is white
the blossom wheel interlocking
lifting aloft in the night
thorny stem craftily
nervy tendrils beneath the skin
churning sod tick-tocking
rooted blackly thieves delight
deep the keel slice the tangle
taut the tackle i n t e r l o c k i n g sharkswift fin
wild the wake arcing into
heeling starboard morning laughter
the golden breeze plums and cherries
tipping take popping ripe
in ancient order languid limbs
turning flocks sheets of sunshine
harbor ease sudden stripe
softly rocking the thought of after
looking outward rocking softly
turning inward

EPITHALAMIUM

Judson Jerome

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them: they had made themselves dependent on an illusion that demanded constant reinforcement.

. . . the reader gets no graphs or tables because, at least in the case of Vietnam, they do not illuminate—they hypnotize; they take on an independent existence, drawing the reader into a mathematical dream world where figures come to exist more and more in relation to each other and less and less in relation to their living origins.

. . . the parent agencies had grasped the elemental truth that one way of minimizing failure was to replace a dying program with a shiny new one. *That* was progress. Just find a fresh angle and push it!

The trouble is that out of this optimism constantly renewed on the American side came a cynicism constantly renewed on the Vietnamese side.

The Vietnam experience represents to me a prodigious attempt to transplant America's magical mix in a foreign culture and make it grow. Mentally, the Americans in Vietnam are still in America. They build, they tear down, they build again, they compete with one another, and almost everyone assumes that *by promoting his own personal advancement he is contributing to the general welfare.*

Altogether, Meyerson touches on several different subjects: a pacification project that turned out, of course, to be a "success"; a battle that was less than a victory but, of course, entered the military folklore of the war; the Tet offensive; and the impact of the war on a young adviser who describes Vietnam as "a land of Advisers and nationbuilding, of tall white men running around in air-conditioned circles."

Sometimes *Vinh Long* reads like a textbook with intermittent sermons; sometimes like a novel of intense emotion; sometimes like a notebook, with lots of detail. Yet even though the details are a couple of years old, the insights are not dated; they're very much part of today's infrastructure, as they say in Vietnam. There's still "optimism," "rapport," "progress," and there's still a lot of private fury with the way things are going.

When you get through reading *Vinh Long* you begin to understand how perfectly normal that famous, extraordinary comment sounded to the American officer who made it about the Delta city of Ben Tre (pop.: 35,000): "It became necessary to destroy the town in order to save it."

Bernard Kalb

Bernard Kalb is a correspondent for CBS News in Hong Kong.

Gotham Politics

AL SMITH: Hero of the Cities

by Matthew and Hannah Josephson

Houghton Mifflin, 505 pp., $7.95

THE FIRST HURRAH: A Biography of Alfred E. Smith

by Richard O'Connor

Putnam, 318 pp., $6.95

AL SMITH is one of the most fascinating figures in the politics of the twentieth century. He missed the brass ring in 1928 and it was caught by a stiff in a starched collar, Herbert Hoover, in one of those national elections when the American public decided to punish itself. We have had one or two similar self-immolations by ballot recently.

The study of Smith's political career is interesting today for two reasons: First, he was a city boy who came out of the Tammany beer halls and remained honest and valuable as a reform legislator in Albany; second, he was the first Catholic to run for President as a major party candidate—and the next one to try made it. Both facts are underscored in two new biographies about him. *Al Smith: Hero of the Cities*, by Matthew and Hannah Josephson, and *The First Hurrah*, by Richard O'Connor.

From neither book does Al Smith emerge as a great man. Despite a circle of cheerleaders led by Robert Moses, Joseph Proskauer, and a few more former associates from his years as governor, Smith's reputation could not be rebuilt. He had done himself the most harm by being, finally, a man who had a price—a $50,000-a-year figurehead job as greeter-president of the Empire State Building Corporation. In the New Deal era, when he might have made a contribution to his city and state, he failed to make peace with President Roosevelt and those who were trying to pull the country out of the Depression. Instead, in his bitterness, he acted like the Tammany rogues he had, to his credit, mostly avoided while in office himself. At a time when one-third of the nation was ill-fed, Smith became a spokesman for the most reactionary big-business group, the American Liberty League, which spent its energies and millions denouncing the Roosevelt administration as "socialistic."

In one of the many astute observations in their book (which independently rounds out a portrait of Smith based on the papers of Frances Perkins, who was a close ally first of Smith and then of Roosevelt), the Josephsons draw an analogy between the way Smith was maligned by the Ku Klux Klan and the way Smith maligned FDR by damning him as a foreign extremist. Smith gave a speech warning that the country faced a choice between "Washington and Moscow, [between] the pure air of America or the foul breath of communistic Russia . . . the stars and stripes or the red flag of the godless . . . Soviets." In his final years he did become the Catholic Church's leading layman (an image that John F. Kennedy would avoid because he had studied Smith's mistakes), in which role he supported Franco against the Loyalists in Spain.

Al Smith was not so much a hero of the cities, as the subtitle of the Josephsons' book says, as of the state organization. He caused consolidation of various departments and effected important public works by bond issues. As legislator and governor in Albany he spurred the very social legislation he would later condemn in Roosevelt's hands. One of the major contributions Smith made was to bring into government a number of men and women who served the New Deal—another of the ironies of his political life.

The First Hurrah is a straighter and livelier account of Smith's life; it pulls together the strands of previous studies and recasts the story clearly. O'Connor observes that in six years as governor Smith put through much progressive legislation against the prevailing mood of Harding normalcy and

Governor and Mrs. Al Smith—"combined the humanitarian with the political."

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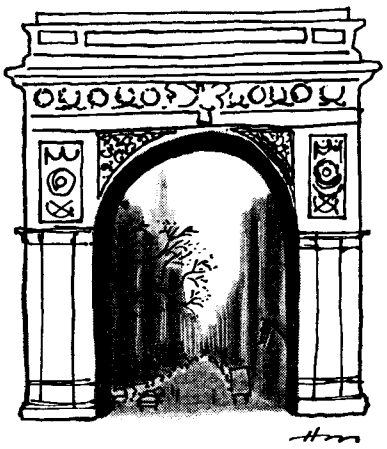

Coolidge prosperity. "The whole structure of the state was rebuilt; the direction of state government was reoriented toward providing social and economic protection for the classes which had been ignored since the founding of the Republic. Smith's administration was a detailed preview of the New Deal. It combined the humanitarian with the political. It was the first hurrah, in effect, of the new politics."

These books will shock young readers familiar only with the comparatively clean Presidential campaigns of recent years. When Smith's campaign train pulled into stations in the South and Southwest, it was met by the Ku Klux Klan's burning crosses. Those encountering Smith for the first time will find something about him that was both primitive and square. "No one could tell Alfred Emanuel Smith that his country would deny the Presidency to a man simply because he was an Irish Catholic," O'Connor observes. "He could not be convinced that a man who climbed the slippery slope of ward politics under the sponsorship of Tammany Hall would be regarded with suspicion in the Bible Belt."

The Presidential election of 1968 revealed that forty years later the voters had not really overcome the raw power of prejudice, as the campaign conducted by Governor Wallace demonstrated. Nor had the electorate rid itself of the Rotarian illusions and business-as-usual attitudes ridiculed by Sinclair Lewis and his fellow novelists from the heartland of America, for the Nixon team is alive and well in Washington. But, in the long struggle for good city and state government, the Smith saga is worth studying, both for its mistakes and its grandeur.

Herbert Mitgang

Herbert Mitgang, a member of The New York Times editorial board, is author of "The Man Who Rode the Tiger," a book about Judge Samuel Seabury and the investigation of New York City corruption.

THE MAYOR WHO MASTERED NEW YORK: The Life and Opinions of William J. Gaynor

by Lately Thomas

Morrow, 516 pp., $12.50

ONE OF NEW YORK'S most enduring legends is that its mayors have been men of little stature and less accomplishment. The tendency has been to regard John Hylan, John O'Brien, and Vincent Impelliteri as typical occupants of City Hall, and to forget that there were Seth Low, George B. McClellan, William J. Gaynor, and John Purroy Mitchel before anyone ever heard of Fiorello La Guardia, Robert Wagner, or John Lindsay.

A rating of the respective accomplishments of all the mayors the city has had since the consolidation of Manhattan and the other four boroughs in 1897 would be interminable, and necessarily open to charges of partisanship. But from the point of view of stature there can be no argument. One man towers above all the others—William J. Gaynor, the subject of Lately Thomas's absorbing, highly competent study.

"A giant among pygmies" was the New York *World*'s appraisal of Gaynor upon his death four months before the end of his first term. The *World*, the only major newspaper to support Gaynor when he ran for mayor, had had the unique experience of being sued by Gaynor for libel in the middle of the campaign, and it knew as well as anyone his utter and complete independence, as well as his demonstrated tendency to throw the nearest article—lamp, chair, or inkwell—at the most convenient target during a moment of displeasure.

Brilliant, cantankerous, slyly humorous, Gaynor was the city's leading demagogue in the ancient sense of the word—a leader of the people. As mayor he walked to work across the Brooklyn Bridge from his home on Park Slope, and walked back again at nightfall, regardless of the weather, always clad in a frock coat, winged collar, and top hat, his chin protected by a spade beard.

There was no problem in or of the city too small or too big for his personal attention. He took time to preserve the right of small boys to play stick-ball and of bootblacks to shine shoes without paying tribute to the police. He answered his mail the day it arrived, frequently with two-sentence pronouncements, stating either that the writer had a case and the matter would be handled, or that he was ignorant and should drop dead, preferably elsewhere. Those and other letters that enunciated or formulated city policy Gaynor released to the press, sometimes at the rate of dozens a day. He cared not whose toes he stepped on nor how small the return to himself for a granted boon.

Lately Thomas believes, and does an excellent job of proving, that Gaynor's strength with the people lay in the fact that he was nobody's man but his own. Throughout his life, as a prosperous lawyer in Brooklyn, as a Supreme Court and Appellate Division judge, as mayor, he never asked for anything from anyone, and when it was offered he usually turned it down. Campaign contributions, even from close friends, were rejected on the grounds that he saw no reason why they or he should spend a cent to attain public office. When Colonel E. M. House, looking around for a king to create, urged Gaynor to try for the Presidency, Gaynor brushed him off. House later settled for Woodrow Wilson.

Though a Democrat, Gaynor was originally elected to the New York State Supreme Court by the Republicans, who needed a man who could win. A reformer in politics—and in that field only—he was nominated for mayor by Tammany Hall, which also needed a man who could win. He gave Tammany no more than a few kind words, and he was hated by the professional reformers who couldn't stand seeing reform take place under any standard other than their own. But Gaynor never lost the people, who felt they had a mayor who gave a damn.

His outbursts of temper make Fiorello La Guardia's seem mild-mouthed and sedate, yet he also had personal dignity and a philosophic devotion to the dignity of mankind.

Gaynor's proudest boast, and the slogan on which he was about to run for a second term, this time as an independent, was "I have been mayor," and at his death it was his most frequent eulogy.

Lately Thomas, author of a much lauded biography of Andrew Johnson, has proven his own stature in this new book. He is sympathetic, but—and even more to his credit—he is politically "hip." He makes the city and the politicians of the day as understandable as his protagonist, in a way that puts most of our political novelists to shame. The photographs that illustrate *The Mayor Who Mastered New York* are as brilliant as the word-pictures.

Warren Moscow

Warren Moscow, as newspaperman and office-holder, was privy to the operations of New York's City Hall for nearly forty years. He is the author of several books on politics.

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Literature and Life

INTERRUPTIONS

by David Littlejohn

Grossman, 242 pp., $7.95

THE SELF-DEPRECATORY TITLE of David Littlejohn's second book, assisted by his modest prefatory avowal that the contents represent digressions from a study of André Gide long in progress, may discourage scrutiny. This is unfortunate, for *Interruptions* is more than a casual bundle of scattered pieces. Its essays, reviews, and extracts from diaries written in France (1966-67) and Berkeley (1967-69) form a carefully organized record of the development of a cultural phenomenon relatively rare at this moment: an energetic American writer in his early thirties who, despite maturation as an assistant professor of English at archetypal Berkeley during the riotous 1960s, has emerged from an involved liberalism as an apolitical, nonacademic, élitist intellectual. An acute and lively critic, his sharpness is bolstered by a social sensitivity like Edmund Wilson's and a classical sensibility akin to Gide's.

The general drift of *Interruptions* will not please all readers. Most assuredly the book will irritate the anti-academic academic colleagues Littlejohn names in his Berkeley diary. It is their political activism he rejects, along with their concept of the university as "a *social service* agency" rather than, as Lewis Mumford puts it, "an active cloister" whose "function is the critical reappraisal and renewal of the cultural heritage." The intransigent individualism concluding *Interruptions* is a truculent-defensive mix, generated in the heat of battle and characteristic of the ominous polarization apparently predestined for the Seventies:

> By ignoring the Living Theater and meticulously assessing *Three Sisters* or *Much Ado*, I am making a statement: I am manifesting the values I hold and represent. They happen to be Western European, rational-esthetic, humane but not politically egalitarian, hedonist-classical within the limits of that humanism, and yet open to the romantic and the extra-rational: So be it. If you want Oriental mysticism or African barbarism, go ahead, *you* defend or support or represent that. If they're what's coming, let them. I'm not trying to stop oceans. Just to express what *I* value in the best way I can.

There is much to disturb us in that message, not least its considered post-liberal divergence from the openness and communality contained in Littlejohn's earlier writing and requisite for the health of a culture. Though a specialist in eighteenth-century English literature, he has understood and welcomed the avant-garde. For example, a 1963 essay on "the anti-realistic novel . . . of fantasy, illogicality, and absurdity" penetratingly illuminates Samuel Beckett, Jorge Luis Borges, John Hawkes, and Joseph Heller, and expresses the "hope that their means and materials, so powerful in their own difficult and disturbing works, will begin to feed more freely into the mainstream of traditional fiction." On the other hand, believing that writers must "favor the word exactly used, the thought correctly built, the sensation truly evoked," he has condemned Thomas Wolfe for "word-drunkenness" and Henry Miller for undisciplined egomania. Throughout his criticism, which has ranged over Jean Genet, Lawrence Durrell, Jean-Paul Sartre, and others, Littlejohn has espoused traditional values while most admirably exercising a catholic sympathy with ideas and patterns not his own.

The embattled spirit displayed in *Interruptions* differs from but is a no less significant counter-current to contemporary technocratic existence than the sociopolitical activism rampant in *Is the Library Burning?* or the visionary shamanism urged in Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture*. In this reader's judgment, Littlejohn's manifesto is equally limited as a total program for the future and as deficient in historical understanding. Like his fellow dissidents, Littlejohn has been compelled to probe the surface and subsurface of American life. The process, however, seems focused upon the now; yesterday, when seen at all, is literally the day before. His *Black on White: A Critical Survey of Writing by American Negroes* (1966), the first chapter of which appears in *Interruptions*, makes this clear. To approach a subject requiring a comprehensive grasp of American cultural and literary history merely as a "sensitive, leisured," white literary critic, unafraid to reveal the psychological tremors engendered by encountering an alleged "weapon" in an "undeclared race war," foredoomed the venture despite its fine readings of some individual works.

As a Fulbright Lecturer in American Civilization in France during 1966-67, Littlejohn learned much of what he had to teach. The gaps in his cultural knowledge began to be filled, but this self-education was harried into self-examination by the Berkeley turmoil to which he returned. The relentless fire to which facts and abstractions alike have been subjected in California of late has given survival-value to decision rather than reflection. The diary sections recounting Littlejohn's French year lyrically evoke the joys and beauties of nature, art, and domesticity. The Berkeley sequence, on the other hand, provides one of the most brilliant, excruciating, Dostoevskian portraits available of the agonized liberal virtually *in extremis*. These contrasting pages make *Interruptions* a poignant cultural document.

The beleaguered individualism asserted in *Interruptions* may be a sign that the critical socio-literary impulse

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AUTHORS AMALGAMATED

Each phrase should suggest the titles of two literary works whose authors are linked by the fact that the surname of the first ends with the letters that begin the surname of the second. (Example: "John Christopher's little duck" signifies *Jean-Christophe* and *The Ugly Duckling*, written respectively by Roll*and* and *And*ersen, merged as AND.) Bernard J. Francis of Baltimore wants you to figure out the ten pairs of titles and assign the right link-letters to each pair. All's revealed on page 62.

1. The metamorphosis of Myra B. ( )	a. CER
2. Mrs. Warren gets a red "A" ( )	b. CON
3. Antonia in Hiroshima ( )	c. GIL
4. The trial at Andersonville ( )	d. HAM
5. Lilacs bloom on a bewitched peak ( )	e. HAW
6. Bondage and starvation ( )	f. HER
7. Elizabethan essays of darkness ( )	g. ING
8. Trojan War vet flees to Titipu ( )	h. KA
9. Canterbury on the Don ( )	i. MAN
10. Sleepy Hollow picnic ( )	j. VID

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of the Sixties is withdrawing in order to reformulate its ideas in seclusion, fearful of yielding its cultural standards and its political destiny to anti-intellectualism of either the Right or the Left. One hopes that David Littlejohn and others will keep remembering André Gide's words:

> True classicism is composed of nothing that restricts or suppresses; it is not so much conservative as creative; it turns away from archaism and refuses to believe that everything has already been said.
>
> **Brom Weber**

Brom Weber is professor of English and American studies at the University of California in Davis.

THE THIRD BOOK OF CRITICISM

by Randall Jarrell

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 352 pp., $7.50

LITERARY CRITICISM is in a very awkward situation at the moment, and Randall Jarrell has helped to put it there. It is where it deserves to be, he might say, and so it is. But it may be in an even worse position soon, which Jarrell would deplore as much as any.

At the present time criticism is under attack from three sides. There is the political attack, which charges criticism with a bellelettristic irrelevance. There is the scientific attack, which charges criticism with subjective idiosyncrasy. And there is the attack launched by creative writers, who charge criticism with usurping the place of literature and competing with it in the marketplace.

The first two, it should be pointed out, are also veiled threats against literature itself. If the discussion of literature (which is criticism) can be shown to be irrelevant, then literature itself must be implicated in irrelevancy—unless it becomes overtly political and propagandistic. Similarly, the new "science" of literary criticism, as practiced by structuralist and semeiological critics, charges the older "new" criticism with a subjective concern for such undemonstrable entities as "value judgments." And if this view of criticism is accepted, it undermines the concern of literature itself with values. Literature as an object of purely scientific concern is as devoid of values as nuclear physics. At a time when not only the social scientists but even the philosophers in many of our best universities are retreating into a valueless, behavioristic world, literary study and its antique bedsfellow theology are the last feeble lines of defense against a positivistic, manipulative anti-culture.

This makes the civil war between writers and critics all the more deplorable. And it *is* a civil war, pitting not only brother against brother but a man against himself. Randall Jarrell was a poet, a very good poet. But he was also a critic, and a fine one, as his *Third Book of Criticism* so thoroughly reminds us. Now, before turning to this new book, I want to look at one of the broadsides Jarrell fired in his first book, *Poetry and the Age* (1953). He called one essay "The Age of Criticism," and observed that it was a "fit of criticism against criticism." I quote a rather long passage from the essay because it has been so influential and because it is a fair sample of Jarrell's prose—witty, concerned, alive.

> Critics . . . are the bane of our age, because our age so fantastically overestimates their importance and so willingly forsakes the works they are writing about for them. We are brought into the world by specialists, borne out of it by specialists: more and more people think of the critic as an indispensable middle man between writer and reader, and would no more read a book alone, if they could help it, than have a baby alone. How many of us seem to think that the poem or story is in some sense "data" or "raw material" which the critic cooks up into understanding, so that we say, "I'd just never *read* 'We Are Seven' till I got So-and-So's analysis of it for Christmas!" But the work of art is as done as it will ever get, and all the critics in the world can't make it a bit browner; they may help *us*, the indigent readers, but they haven't done a thing to it. Around the throne of God, where all the angels read perfectly, there are no critics—there is no need for them.

Amen. Jarrell is right, of course, even about the angels. Reading is degenerating into a spectacle, where the audience passively regards the critic as he renders or performs for them a work scored by the author for that interpretive performance—a work which they would never think of trying to read or perform on their own, for their own pleasure. Even in our loftiest centers of higher learning, many students who have elected literary study as their major subject are quite content to get their Melville or Fielding at second (or third) hand, from some dispensary of intellectual diet-cola. The fact is that we are teaching more and more students to read less and less, and we should not be astonished to wake up some morning and find ourselves, our whole culture, illiterate, cut off from our verbal past, at the mercy of Massa McLuhan and his cool plastic culture.

Jarrell admitted, of course, that he was not just complaining about criticism, but about the age. And in his second book of criticism, *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket* (1962), he took his complaint further. There is perhaps more cultural criticism than literary criticism in the second book, though the two were never far apart in Jarrell's critical work, but the attack on criticism continued in an essay like "Poets, Critics, and Readers":

> Now a critic is half writer, half reader: just as the vices of men and horses

"Take advantage of every opportunity to enjoy yourself before you get into kindergarten, Brian. That's when they start breathing down your neck."

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> met in centaurs, the weaknesses of readers and writers meet in critics. A good critic—we cannot help seeing, when we look back at any other age—is a much rarer thing than a good poet or a good novelist. Unless you are one critic in a hundred thousand, the future will quote you only as an example of the normal error of the past, what everybody was foolish enough to believe then. Critics are discarded like calendars; yet, for their year, with what trust the world regards them!

In this essay Jarrell documented the blunders of critics extensively and accurately, both blunders of interpretation and blunders of judgment but especially the latter. His conclusion was that readers should read more independently and pay less attention to critics. But when he wrote purely literary criticism himself, it was in the old, "new-critical" style, close reading where interpretation and value judgment go subjectively, hand in hand. If his advice to readers is to read more poetry and less criticism, his advice to critics, like Northrop Frye, however, is not to write differently but to write diffidently, not to change their critical approach but to improve it: to be sensitive, intelligent, and humble. Other critics like Northrop Frye, however, argue from the same evidence Jarrell so brilliantly assembled that what is needed is another kind of criticism, scientific and objective rather than value-oriented and subjective. These newer critics will study literature the way a linguist studies language. In this study value will be irrelevant. Any literary works will do, because we will be interested not in the unique meaning of a particular utterance, but in the "order of words" as a whole.

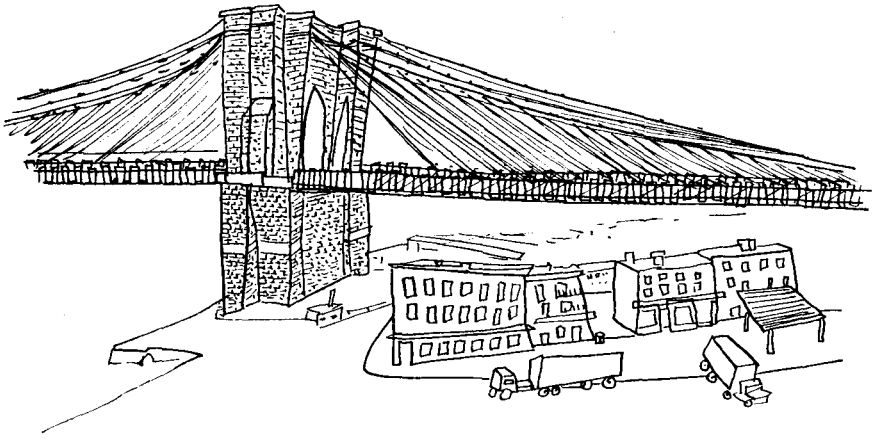
This is where Randall Jarrell's attacks on criticism will lead us if we accept them. Do we want to go that road? Certainly he, of all people, did not. His own practical criticism is a model of how the thing should be done, and can be done, with true humility and concern for values. We are fortunate to have collected in *The Third Book of Criticism* some of his best essays, ranging from two early pieces on Auden written in the 1940s to his succinct and masterly survey "Fifty Years of American Poetry," which was presented first as a lecture to the National Poetry Festival in Washington in 1962. This range of essays enables us to see both how good he was from the very beginning and how much he improved, finding his own critical idiom after a beginning just a bit burdened by the special critical terminology of I. A. Richards, Cleanth Brooks, and John Crowe Ransom.

Jarrell's essays on Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, and Robert Graves in this volume, along with the pieces on Stevens, Frost, Whitman, Williams, and Marianne Moore in *Poetry and the Age*, would make the best collection of practical criticism of American poetry around. But what a disappointment it is not to have the essays on Emily Dickinson and Eliot and the best of Auden that he promised to give us. The essays on fiction are equally good, and there are three of them in the new volume, but they do not add together the way the essays on poetry do. Jarrell on American poetry—the individual explorations capped by his brilliant survey of fifty years—is the critic whom future evaluators and re-evaluators will have to reckon with, if criticism and poetry as we know them endure into the future.

The question remains whether Jarrell in his own criticism was or was not providing the same substitutes for poetry that he had attacked in "The Age of Criticism." There is no doubt that he is a performer in his explicative essays. And I am tempted to fall into his trap and say that I had never really read Frost's "Home Burial" until I read Randall So-and-So's analysis of it in the *Third Book*. I can only hope that at my best I might have shown him something he missed in the poem, too. And isn't this what criticism really ought to be? Not judgment but advocacy, not pronouncements but conversation about poetry, parts of a dialogue in which we show our concern for poems and help to keep them alive by talking about them, sending one another back to the texts, with renewed zeal, for our own private performances. We don't have to choose between poetry and criticism. We can have them both, *will* have them both, until we have neither.

Robert Scholes

Robert Scholes teaches English at the University of Iowa and moonlights as a literary critic.



MASKS AND MIRRORS: Essays in Criticism

by Marius Bewley
Atheneum, 364 pp., $10

AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM over the past generation has been dominated by traditionalists and mythmakers. The traditionalists—scholars like Randall Stewart, Ralph Rusk, Leon Howard, Gay Wilson Allen, and Carlos Baker—can be relied upon for accuracy and information, for moderate interpretations and sensible conclusions. The mythmakers—Leslie Fiedler, R. W. B. Lewis, Richard Chase, and Philip Young—attempt to unveil the masks that American authors have worn and to pursue the hidden pattern of their art. In *Masks and Mirrors* Marius Bewley brings both these approaches to the study of widely different writers and demonstrates how they can be used with subtlety and sophistication.

Bewley's first two critical studies, *The Complex Fate* (1952) and *The Eccentric Design* (1959), were specifically concerned with the nineteenth-century American artist and the conflicts between his European and American allegiances. Bewley considered Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, and Henry James as the central and most eloquent spokesmen of a problem which he termed "the Americanness of the American novel," and he pursued his thesis with forceful and imaginative readings of the authors' major works. *Masks and Mirrors* is a more relaxed study, a collection of essays that range from the poetry of John Donne to that of Hart Crane, from the fiction of Cooper to that of Mark Twain, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Sinclair Lewis. Originally published as essays and reviews, the chapters of this study must be read

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Critic Theodore L. Gross, professor of American literature at the City College of New York, is the co-editor of "Dark Symphony: Negro Literature in America." His critical study, "The Shadow of Our Swords: The Heroic Ideal in American Literature," will shortly be published by The Free Press.

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primarily as individual encounters of a first-rate intelligence with the literature of diverse authors; but, as the title suggests, the masks of certain artists and the mirrors of others tend to distinguish their view of reality and of themselves.

The masks are worn by John Donne, Edith Wharton, and Mark Twain. In a cogent essay on Donne's poetry, Bewley suggests that Donne's conversion to Anglo-Catholicism was the reality behind the mask of his verse. "The more one reads the early poems the more difficult it is to believe that Donne's insistence on sexual experience at this period was not subconsciously a facet of his more compelling drive to escape from Rome." In *The Anniversaries* Donne is celebrating his "departure from the Roman Catholic Church" and his submission to the Church of England. "The conflicts in Donne's personality, reflected so perfectly in his art, his perplexities of faith and doubt, the tortured ambiguity one senses so strongly in his motives, his cynicism and his capacity for affection, the ironical quality of his self-knowledge and his psychological curiosity—all these have a familiar look in our day."

Edith Wharton's mask was so firmly worn that critics have rarely seen her except as a public figure—a rich lady who might be mistaken for a princess royal instead of a novelist. By exploring her private character, by suggesting a relation between "Mrs. Wharton's biography and her art," Bewley offers a persuasive interpretation of *Ethan Frome,* one that denies the traditional charge of the author's "cruelty" toward her characters. Rather than viewing the conclusion of *Ethan Frome* as stemming from Mrs. Wharton's harshness, or even sadism, Bewley suggests that it is a reflection of the author's own sense of being trapped in her marriage and her frustration at not being able to marry Walter Berry, a man she loved intensely. The extent of her passion, Bewley notes, can be appreciated by reading her unpublished diaries: "All the constricting circumstances in which Ethan finds himself entrapped, Mrs. Wharton may have carried over, suitably disguised, from her own situation, to scrutinize and question in the pages of her book. But the ultimate resemblance between her situation and the one depicted in *Ethan Frome* is a moral one."

Mark Twain is of course the most obvious example of an author attracted to the wearing of masks. As Justin Kaplan points out in his excellent study, the dual names of Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain suggest the private and public character of this complex man. Bewley's review of Kaplan's book underscores the "moral and emotional

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schizophrenia" that was the radical flaw in Twain's creative temperament. Like James, Twain saw deeply into the cultural polarity represented by Europe and America; but that polarity became, in the case of Twain, a double commitment "to the integrity of his creative conscience, and to the values represented by the age in which he lived." James could reconcile these opposed values by the imaginative "synthesis of art"; Twain was never able to resolve his ambivalent attitudes toward American wealth and the kind of society promoted by its pursuit. Only when he retreated into the past could he create meaningful works of literature.

Those artists whose work tends to be more representational—to be a mirror of the culture in which they live—are considered by Bewley in terms of social history. He examines Henry James's *English Hours* and finds the protagonist to be the city of London. He compares the painters Copley and Allston, and concludes that Allston had to escape to Europe to discover an artistic milieu, whereas his eighteenth-century predecessor established himself in America and thrived on the conflicts between England and the United States. He views Cooper as "America's mirror of conscience" and looks sympathetically upon Cooper's desire for a "natural aristocracy in the United States." Bewley has high regard for Cooper's achievement as a social novelist, and he minimizes—a little too cavalierly for my taste—the usual critical reservations about Cooper's style, dialogue, and characterization. Nevertheless, his treatment of the novelist's relation to this country is suggestive, and his comments on the Leatherstocking saga are particularly sensible: "Poised between love of America and disillusionment with her course, Cooper was able to create in Leatherstocking a symbolic character who resolved artistically the tension he had come to feel in himself between patriotic devotion and disaffection."

Mirrors and masks: literature cannot be so neatly categorized and, fortunately, Bewley does not force the distinction in the many essays of this volume. The other critical estimates which I have not mentioned—of Fitzgerald's apprentice fiction; of Newton Arvin's *Longfellow*, Mark Schorer's *Sinclair Lewis*, and Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore*; of Wallace Stevens, Emerson, Isaac Rosenberg, Hart Crane, and some contemporary poets—all reveal a breadth of vision, an ability to meet the writer on the deepest level of his expression, and a freedom from cant that one associates only with a significant critic.

Theodore L. Gross

Fiction

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE

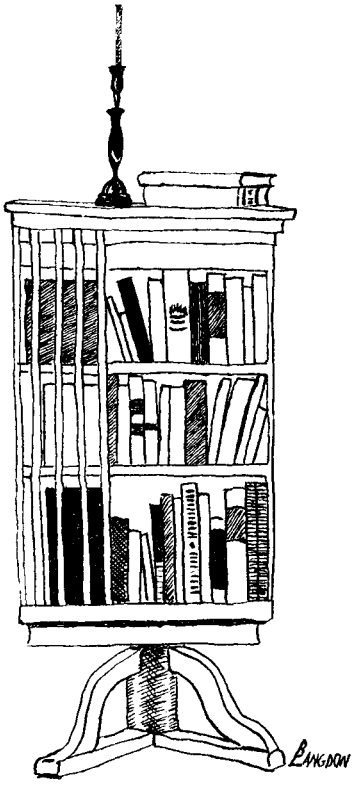
by Gabriel García Márquez, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa

Harper & Row, 422 pp., $7.95

UNTIL THE APPEARANCE of the present novel, the only sample of the Colombian Gabriel García Márquez's fiction available to American readers was a book of short stories, *No One Writes to the Colonel and Other Stories* (*SR*, Dec. 21, 1968). Now we have *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1967), faithfully and sensitively translated by Gregory Rabassa.

A runaway best-seller in the Hispanic world and in Europe, the novel should win new admirers for García Márquez in the United States. It possesses all the virtues of his earlier book on a larger scale and in greater intensity: deft, succinct characterization, evocative description, a rich vein of sensualism, comic humor, compassion, and, above all, the magic realism to be found in so much of the new Spanish American fiction. When thinking of García Márquez one recalls almost automatically Nabokov's dictum: "Great literature doesn't tell the truth, it makes it up."

García Márquez has made up his truth about the Buendía family, founders and first citizens of the imaginary and isolated town of Macondo, near the Colombian coast. From the strik-



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ing opening sentence ("Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice for the first time."), the reader journeys back and forth, increasingly willing to suspend any initial disbelief, through a century in the life of the town and the family. There is a constant, oscillating counterpoint between objective reality, Aristotelian logic, and magic. The book signals the coming-of-age of the contemporary Latin American novel, and marks García Márquez as probably one of the two outstanding present-day figures in the genre (the other is the late Brazilian writer João Guimarães Rosa). It is a finished example of post-Joycean narrative techniques; at the same time a knowledgeable reader can detect in the novel echoes and possible influences of many of the great Latin American works of fiction of recent decades.

García Márquez tells a fine, lusty, earthy tale about several generations of the inbred Buendías, legitimate and illegitimate, and of their close and distant relatives. The Buendía males are eccentric, enterprising, passionate individualists, dreamers obsessed by *idées fixes*, men who never mature. Their women are stronger: beautiful or plain, natural or conventional, most of them are realists with a rock-hard resistance that stands fast against the tides of masculine will and desire, finally wearing them down. They are at once mistresses, wives, and mothers to their men. As we see the Buendías wax and decline we also glimpse the town's parallel life-span, from small, virgin village through growth in the name of progress to its demise after being poisoned by railways, foreign entrepreneurs, politics, and civil war.

Macondo may be regarded as a microcosm of the development of much of the Latin American continent: a strange, pristine, fecund, doomed land where, in the beginning, magic, "impossible" things are made to happen by innocent, natural, iron-willed men. But as time passes impure, alien values are brought in from older lands across the sea, to subvert the innocent and infect society with a mortal disease. In the end, "progress" is seen as merely the middle phase of a continuous three-phase cycle: primal nature-civilization-primal nature.

Although it is first and always a story, the novel also has value as a social and historical document. Through the author's own observations, through certain key incidents, through the dialogue (and some interior monologues), we learn, often by indirection or intuition, much of deep significance about Colombian mores and their psychic roots in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

But surely the greatest value of this book, and of all García Márquez's work, is to be found in his rich, crisp, and versatile prose, his talent for *le mot juste*, his sensual, striking imagery, his constant flow of natural and sometimes grotesque humor, all combined with subtle psychological penetration into his characters. Most memorable about them is the inevitable solitude in which they exist despite their anxiety to live, love, dream, and undertake great enterprises. For, notwithstanding their desire to be fully alive, they never realize themselves completely, much less transcend themselves. And, when they do manage to "live" momentarily, it is almost always in brief nostalgia for a past event or in exhilarated anticipation of a future happening. One comes to suspect that García Márquez himself longs sometimes for an earlier, simpler, and more heroic age than our corrupt present.

Robert G. Mead, Jr.

Robert G. Mead, Jr., teaches Spanish American literature at the University of Connecticut.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN JACKPOT

by Herbert Gold

Random House, 305 pp., $6.95

ALTHOUGH WE ASPIRED to the American Dream, we attained instead the "great American jackpot": affluence attended by a socio-emotional vacuum. The need to fill this void, to give meaning to daily living, to struggle for identity in a society media-mad and inhuman—this is the backdrop for Herbert Gold's eighth novel. But it is essentially pasteboard. With satire as his vehicle and a college student at the wheel, Gold makes a tour of alienated youth, media power, black non-power, judicial and jailhouse ignominy, the sexual mores of the Sixties—and, believe it or not, you'll be smiling at journey's end.

Al Dooley, clean-shaven son of a travel-agency-owning couple in Santa Barbara, is a graduate student in sociology at the University of California, Berkeley campus. He is mired in sophomoric soul-searching; he wants "to become bloody and human." His black mentor, Jarod Howe, is chameleonic in his role-changing from respected middle-class professor with blonde wife to raging Black Muslim orator. As an "Affluent Black" he is guilt-ridden. Al's other major contact is Milly, a mindless California co-ed, who drops out of school and throws Al over to hang out at the Minimum Daily Requirement Café. There she meets Poopie, panderer and parasite, top punk in the local small-time-hoodlum scene; he beats her up and she loves it. Meanwhile, Al replaces Milly with Sue, who shares Al's bed for a weekend and then disappears for parts of Los Angeles unknown. She sends him love notes return-addressed "The Shire, Middle-earth," "Stranger, Strange Land," "Drop City, Colorado," "Needle Park, Ur-Frisco"—all dated in the age of Aquarius.

—Michael Alexander.

Herbert Gold—"comic one-liners."

Al drives from one end of San Francisco to the other seeking SELF. He has his day at the draft induction center, where, ironically and to his dismay, he and his "clogged thinuth" are rejected by a lisping corporal with "clogged adenoidth." "Depressed by his comfortable future" (the Army has refused to solve his "Graduate Student Identity Crisis"), he contemplates recourses—"Join the Peace Corps? Get Rich? Commit a Crime? Fall in Love?" Opting for the glamour of "rich criminal," Al robs a bank, goes to jail, becomes front-page news and a *cause célèbre* of the hippie underground. A rock band renames itself "M'Naughton Rule" in honor of the case that established the defense "not guilty by reason of insanity" invoked by Al's lawyer. He is brought to trial before a judge whose own lunacy is epical.

Good storytelling has been, and still is, Gold's forte. And he delivers countless comic one-liners. Why, then, should the reader feel cheated? Partly because Gold has fallen victim to the image-making he would deride; he has mistaken the media-image for the people themselves. Wandering in downtown San Francisco, notepad in hand, or watching television, he has accurately recorded the lingo and the lifestyles, only to produce silly stereotypes, a situation comedy rather than a satire. An exception is the courtroom sequence, in which at one point the judge, informed that a demonstration is under way outside the courthouse, first instructs the police to disperse the gathering "with a little carefully chosen police brutality," then sends a bailiff outside with the message, "The right of free assembly is guaranteed by the Constitution or maybe it's the Bill of Rights. Please leave enough audience for the media."

Vocal youth on the American scene (stage left) may appreciate Gold's deploying his finest ridicule on their own favorite target, the Establishment. In fact, they are probably the audience he had in mind for his book. If so, he will be disappointed. Reading this novel would be only an ego trip for those who, years ahead of Gold, first entertained the notion that the American Dream has gone the way of God. What they were saying and reading five years ago is hardly the basis for anything but nostalgia. Instead, the book should be read by those who have minimal contact with its setting; they may find it entertaining. *The Great American Jackpot* is bound for charted waters—acclaim as a movie, perhaps entitled *The Post-Graduate.*

Rebecca W. Rosenblatt

Rebecca W. Rosenblatt is a free-lance literary critic.

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Saturday Review

THE THOUGHT-WEEKLY

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Media Master

THE IDEAS OF HENRY LUCE

edited by John K. Jessup

Atheneum, 405 pp., $12.50

IT IS, PERHAPS, TOO HARSH a judgment to note that *The Ideas of Henry Luce* is a dull and ponderous book. For with some men word should never be separated from deed, lest neither be adequately understood or appreciated. And as one recalls and then contrasts the excitement of Luce's journalistic accomplishments with the lifelessness of this compilation of speeches and memoranda, the certainty grows that the fault lies here not with the quality of Luce's words and thoughts but of his former colleague's judgment in producing such a volume. Both his memory and our understanding of the role of journalism in Luce's "American Century" would have been better served by far had his ideas not been so sharply severed from his life and times. John K. Jessup, *Life*'s longtime chief editorial writer, has provided an analytic biographical introduction that is bright and interesting but in its brevity is woefully inadequate.

"On various occasions, usually in the form of a speech, I express my views on major matters in my own idiom," wrote Luce in 1961. But, Mr. Jessup further quotes, "Most of what I know . . . and much of what I think has been expressed in some millions of words in *Time, Life, Fortune.*" Therein lies the tale—in the journals and the journalism Luce created. Thus Robert T. Elson's corporate history of Time Inc. (Volume 1, to 1941, has already been published) provides the history and background totally necessary to a sense of Luce's contemporary vitality and of his impact upon American life. So, too, does John Kobler's *Luce*. Both relate the man to his works.

Jessup claims as the purpose of the present volume "to exhibit the mind of Henry Robinson Luce in his own words. His professional achievements as a publisher and journalist are described in the corporate history. . . ." But his subject doesn't tolerate the separation, which may be as it should. Though he later ordered it stricken from the Time Inc. lexicon, "group journalism" was a phrase and a style Luce's publications made famous—or infamous. And their achievements, the results of that peculiar form of organized newsmanship, rather than Luce's own occasional statements remain the only real hallmarks of his success, and his failure. By them alone should he be known.

One does, of course, find here real nuggets among the anachronisms. And

Happiness is having a mother to love you

And nine-month-old Lin Su contentedly sucks her thumb as she watches her new "mother" come to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin Su's "mother" is a staff member at our Pine Hill Babies' Home in Hong Kong and to Lin Su she means happiness and security—and most important—love.

You see, until she came to us, this little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died when Lin Su was born and her father disappeared soon after. Lin Su was left alone in the shack which was her home. Neighbors found her and tried to take care of her.

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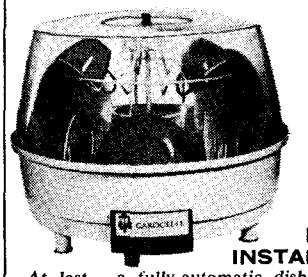

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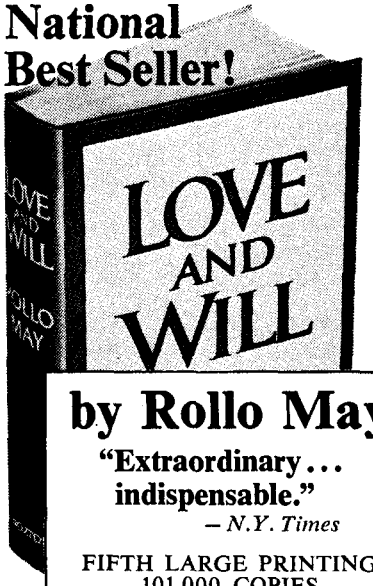

by Rollo May

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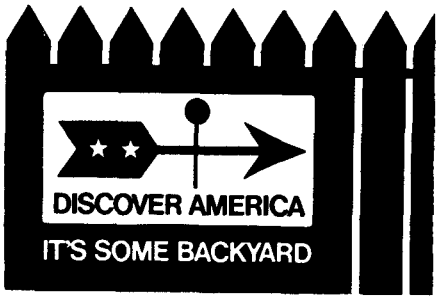

these are genuine anachronisms today, achingly provincial, distressingly timely rather than timeless. The essence of Luce's thinking—removed from his genius for action, for initiative and enterprise, for organization—was its antique quality. Presumably, Luce's "American Century" was the twentieth; actually, it was the nineteenth. Thus, the past characterized his prize-winning 1920 DeForest Oration, when he was a Yale senior:

> A great part of the content of the word "American" today is history. And the glory of it shall never pass away. But when we say "America" today we connote power. We hold the purse strings of the world. Having enough ourselves to eat and to be clothed withal, we sell in the markets of every nation. The huge wheels and pistons which at all hours are astir like the quick breathing of giants, the great fires which never sleep, the long rooms where hour by hour the hands of men and women are ceaselessly at work, testify to a national strength which hitherto the world has never seen. America is power, and it sits astride the globe. But is our greatness merely for the sake of greatness? Are we big to no purpose? Is our strength void of quality? Has our force no direction?
> . . . when we say "America" twenty years from now, may it be that that great name will signify throughout the world at least two things: first, that American interests shall be respected, American citizens entitled to trade and to live in every corner of the globe; second, that America may be counted upon to do her share in the solution of every international difficulty, that she will be the great friend of the lame, the halt and the blind among nations, the comrade of all nations that struggle to rise to higher planes of social and political organization, and withal the implacable and the *immediate* foe of whatever nation shall offer to disturb the peace of the world. If this shall be, hers will be adventure more brilliant than Eldorado, hers a moral and ethical altitude unapproached by Puritan, a democracy broader in its influence than we have ever dreamed, an aristocracy of an incomparable nobility.

Two decades later, in his famous 1941 "American Century" essay in *Life*, Luce was to extend these college-boy sentiments with the same moralistic fervor:

> We must undertake now to be the Good Samaritan of the entire world. It is the manifest duty of this country to undertake to feed all the people of the world who as a result of this worldwide collapse of civilization are hungry and destitute—all of them, that is, whom we can from time to time reach consistently with a very tough attitude toward all hostile governments. For every dollar we spend on armaments, we should spend at least a dime in a gigantic effort to feed the world—and all the world should know that we have dedicated ourselves to this task. . . .
>
> But all this is not enough. All this will fail and none of it will happen unless our vision of America as a world power includes a passionate devotion to great American ideals. We have some things in this country which are infinitely precious and especially American—a love of freedom, a feeling for the equality of opportunity, a tradition of self-reliance and independence and also of cooperation. In addition to ideals and notions that are especially American we are the inheritors of all the great principles of Western civilization—above all Justice, the love of Truth, the ideal of Charity. . . . It now becomes our time to be the powerhouse from which the ideals spread throughout the world and do their mysterious work of lifting the life of mankind from the level of the beasts to what the Psalmist called little lower than the angels.
>
> America as the dynamic center of ever-widening spheres of enterprise, America as the training center of the skillful servants of mankind, America as the Good Samaritan, really believing again that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and America as the powerhouse of the ideals of freedom and justice—out of these elements surely can be fashioned a vision of the twentieth century to which we can and will devote ourselves in joy and greatness and vigor and enthusiasm.

Perhaps a far more appropriate note to our modern concerns was Luce's striking 1953 statement at the University of Oregon of the responsibility that the owners of the press, the masters of the media, must take for the truthfulness of what they set before the public:

> The Miltonian conception of Truth prevailing in open combat with error did not, I think, have the modern press in mind. For Milton, surely, had in mind individual men speaking honestly their own truth—or their own lies. The Miltonian doctrine does not apply to a situation where one man feels justified in being the profitable vehicle of another man's lies or another man's distortions.

Particularly given the enormous inroads highly commercialized electronic journalism has now made upon his own sanctuary, Luce's expressed concern for truth in reporting remains a profoundly important memorial to his thoughts. The judgment of historians rather than colleagues must still be passed on his deeds.

Richard D. Heffner

Richard D. Heffner, former moderator of "The Open Mind," is a professor of communications and public policy at Rutgers University.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Planetary Bargain

HAVING SPENT $35-billion to land men on the moon—without pausing to learn how long it is safe to keep them there or anywhere else beyond Earth's atmosphere — the National Aeronautics and Space Administration must now economize until its knowledge catches up with its enthusiasm. In the unaccustomed absence of affluence, NASA is shopping for bargains in extraterrestrial space exploration. The most fantastic item on the beckoning shelf is an expedition that promises to send a robot spaceship to four planets for the price of visiting one.

The latter half of the 1970s, particularly the year 1977, is the time corridor available for this spectacular. The planets then will be in an alignment that will not recur until the year 2155. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune will swing out from Earth in a long arc like pearls on a string (see sketch below). On the proposed expedition, a robot voyager (a 500-pound one competent to undertake the assignment is already in being) would carom along the string, flying by and obtaining information from the four planets in turn while being catapulted from one to another by the force of gravity.

The technique is a variation of that used by *Apollo* crewmen in circling the moon. It will be recalled that the *Apollos* always entered lunar orbit on the moon's far hemisphere, where the pull of lunar gravity grabbed the spaceships and swung them around to and across the moon's face.

When applied to travel between Earth and Neptune, the method is adapted in the following manner. The route of the voyage trends outward from the sun. Any escape from the sun's gravitational attraction at the distance of Earth from the sun requires a velocity of 42 kilometers per second. Since the earth is already speeding along at 30 kilometers per second, the difference that must be accounted for is 12 kilometers per second plus the 3.3 kilometers per second needed to escape the pull of Earth.

In the "Reviews of Space Science" section of *Astronautics and Aeronautics*, edited by U.S. Naval Research Laboratory astronomer Herbert Friedman, a discussion of the mathematics of the voyage was published recently. Pertinent equations were analyzed by Joseph W. Chamberlain, associate director for planetary science at Kitt Peak National Observatory, Tucson. According to his calculations, there will be enough available rocket power to hurl half a ton through Earth's atmosphere at the required speed. If the route is elliptical, the spaceship will take something less than a year and a half to reach Jupiter. If the route is parabolic, the time to Jupiter will come down to a year and a tenth.

Chamberlain points out that the best way to use Jupiter as a slingshot is to aim to hit it head-on. If the spaceship were nearly stopped at the moment of collision, the effect would be to throw the ship onward at twice Jupiter's speed. However, with no experience in this type of celestial billiards, it seems unwise to risk possibly disastrous consequences. Instead, the expedition should try for a near-miss, closer to the *Apollo* experiences with the moon. By performing such a maneuver near Jupiter and repeating it just outside the rings of Saturn and then near Uranus, Chamberlain estimates Neptune can be reached in twelve years. If the passage of Saturn is negotiated inside Saturn's rings before the encounter with Uranus, Neptune can be reached in nine years.

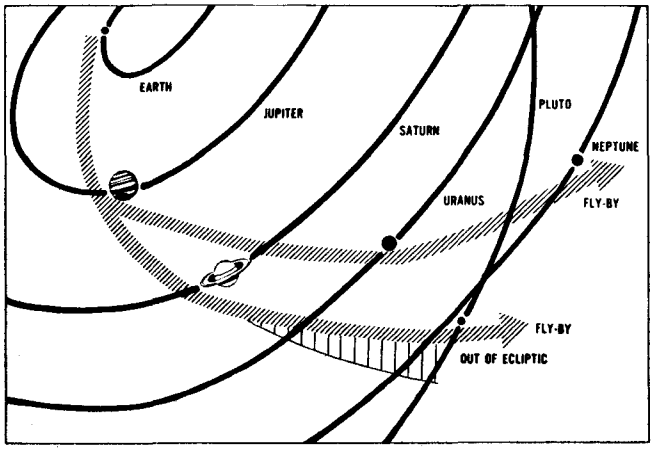
To students of the solar system, the expedition just described is heavily freighted with intellectual excitement. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune —the so-called Jovian planets—have atmospheres of hydrogen and helium instead of the carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen familiar to Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. The Jovian planets are, therefore, more like stars than they are like Earth or the planets near it. Astronomer S. I. Rasool has gone so far as to call Jupiter "the Rosetta stone" of the astronomically long story that has led to man.

As the unrivaled super-bargain of the 1970s, the planetary Grand Tour symbolizes NASA's search for economy. The emphasis is on unmanned exploration for at least five years: a robot ship to Mars in 1971, one to Jupiter in 1972 and another in 1973, one to Venus and Mercury together in 1973—this last a Grand Tour rehearsal. Manned voyages will be to the moon only. Even those will be strictly limited: two in 1970, two in 1971, one in 1972, none in 1973, two in 1974, and no one knows how many or when thereafter.

Before extended human stays on the moon or manned trips to Mars can be risked, long exposures will have to be arranged to test man's tolerance of environments free of gravity's pull. The simplest and cheapest way to do this is to put men in a space station orbiting the earth.

Designs are now being worked out for rocket launchers of ferryboats that will travel from Earth to the space station. The launchers will glide back to Earth and land, then lift another ferry. Because it costs less to launch space voyages from points where gravity is low, the space station will become a launching pad for trips farther out. After it proves workable, a similar space station will be put into orbit around the moon. A space tug will haul cargo and people between the earthly space station and the lunar space station. The lunar station will be placed in polar orbit so that lunar ferryboats may ply from it to the surface of the moon and back again.

The present is no time for impatience. Whatever happens spacewise from here in will take time and may cost some lives. U.S. military sources that watch U.S.S.R. space activities by radar say Soviet scientists have already used one Earth satellite to find and destroy another. If such proximity has been achieved, it could be used constructively as well as destructively. In short, the Russians may now have a space rescue vehicle. If so, the moment is again propitious for arranging international exploration of the space beyond Earth.



Alternate routes past four planets are shown. Both start with fly-by of Jupiter, diverging thereafter. Lower route is twelve years long, upper route nine years.

—NASA sketch, "Astronautics and Aeronautics."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Berio's "This Means, That . . ." Lippert as the Marschallin

EVERY AGE of music needs an esthetic iconoclast and catalyst, a generator of new impulses and transformer of old currents. On the strength of the voltage contained in his Sinfonia of a year or so ago, Luciano Berio had established some claim to be considered in such wise. Thus the announcement of an evening in Carnegie Hall devoted to a previously unfamiliar concept of his called *This Means, That. . .* lured a quantity of the interested, the curious, and perhaps the merely envious.

In what degree the audience (that far from filled the hall) could be assigned to one category or the other would be merely speculative. As one of the interested, my order of involvement ran out before the end (which is to say, after just about an hour's worth of a work that lasted slightly longer). This was largely because of the vagueness, incompleteness, and, eventually, absurdity of the offering, which traded on the repute of the Sinfonia, but presented very little of comparable quality.

This Means, That. . . relates to a project that had been presented in some European centers on TV and in a live form. Among the intermediators present on its behalf were the Swingle Singers (who had contributed something inimitable to the success of the Sinfonia); vocalists Cathy Berberian, Christiane Legrand, and Sandra Mantovani; a "Circo dell'arte" directed by Hovy Burgess; and, as verbal front man, Dr. Charles De Carlo, president of Sarah Lawrence College. Considering the varied appeals of all the elements involved, the audience was hardly of the size that might have been anticipated.

Nor, for that matter, was the ingenuity, originality, or the provocativeness of the offering itself. It began with a verbal statement by Dr. De Carlo on behalf of *This Means, That. . .* setting forth the premise that it was so uncommon it couldn't be described, but had to be experienced. All sorts of images, beginning with Gregorian chant, were invoked on behalf of a musical score skimpy in the extreme and hardly possessed of the "potential" assigned to it by Dr. De Carlo. At one point, after such "extended remarks," some impatience with his verbosity erupted in localized areas of the auditorium, expressed through satiric applause and well-planted derision.

However, there was not much greater reward in the musical concept when it was projected. In its initial aspects there was some promise in a juxtaposition of Miss Berberian's low-voiced projection of one kind of folk music against Christiane Legrand's nasalization, as Berio calls it, of a Venetian barcarole, as the Swingle Singers improvised on bits of Gregorian chant, all to an ear-splitting din from a tape specializing in squeals and squeaks. Was there Berio to come? One could only wonder.

What came, however, was a spot for the Swingle Singers performing an Appalachian folk song ("He's Gone Away"), a vocal version of Satie's first *Gymnopédie* and even Ravel's *Pavane*

pour une infante défunte, while the "Circo dell'arte," dressed in white tights, capered about with Indian clubs, which they sometimes twirled. There was, of course, in this multimedia time, copious use of spots and floods to illuminate the performers in their isolation areas (set off by baffles) around the stage. What they did not illuminate was any connection between what was offered and the artistry of Luciano Berio. Pirandello once wrote a play called *Right You Are (If You Think You Are).* The wrong Berio, however right he thought himself to be, undid a lot of the esteem earned by his other, better self.

Marion Lippert's value to the Metropolitan Opera took an upward surge when she added to prior credits in the title role of Puccini's *Turandot* the Marschallin in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier.* As may be the case with those whose strength lies in versatility rather than specialization, Miss Lippert's Marschallin was compounded of various moderate attributes rather than any exceptional ones. She sings the music with a healthy, well-focused sound, though with no arresting subtlety or variety of tonal coloration; she acts it competently, in a well-routined pattern of action that rarely exudes charm or individuality; she bears herself capably, though with no really aristocratic elegance. Perhaps a series of further exposures under the knowing direction of Karl Böhm will upgrade everything she is now doing. For the while it must be characterized as serviceable, pending escalation to the distinguished. The other members of the cast were headed by the familiar trio of Walter Berry as Ochs, Christa Ludwig as Octavian, and Reri Grist as Sophie.

Apocalypse In Black and White

by Robert Pack

When all the rubble of our fears was piled
Smoke upon dust, white silence upon smoke,
And one black horse reined loose by one white child
Broke by as black the bleating white waves broke,
Amid the first, the last, the dying dead,
All burning voices burned into my head.

One silenced cry, one charred black mouth, was all,
Its voices cinders searing my white eyes,
We wailed together at the wailing wall,
Blood from our hands and hearts smoking the skies,
And all the dead with all that dying spent
Cried out this death was more than death had meant.

Into the rubbled wall, the smoke, the waves,
Rode one black child spurred free on his white horse,
The white-charred men burned down in their black graves,
Fear of white death had finished its black course;
One hope, one fate, one death, one brotherhood
Was all I saw, and all I understood.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

G. B. Boo-Boo

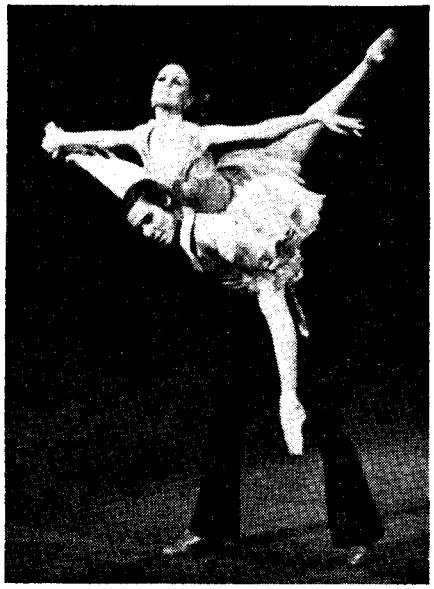
"This," I thought to myself as the curtain fell on a brand new ballet at the State Theater, "is where Agnes de Mille stepped in nearly thirty years ago to rescue musical comedy dancing from deadly dull routines and general squaresville."

The February 1970 novelty was called *Who Cares?* (and if you want to know my personal reaction, I refer you to the song for which a famous vaudevillian, Eva Tanguay, was renowned and beloved long before I was born). It is a ballet by George Balanchine; it is set to seventeen matchless Gershwin (George in *fact*, Ira in *remembered* echoes) songs; and it joined the repertory of the New York City Ballet on the evening during which the City of New York, through its mayor, John V. Lindsay, presented Balanchine with its highest cultural award, the Handel Medallion. The inscription read: "To George Balanchine, in grateful acknowledgement of his eminent achievements in the performing arts which through the New York City Ballet have enriched the cultural life of our city." There is, of course, no question that Balanchine deserved the award; it was just unfortunate that *Who Cares?* had to follow.

Lincoln Kirstein, general director of the New York City Ballet, has written a truly fascinating essay on the Gershwins, their period, their stature today, and the possible relationship of their classicism to the classicism of ballet. This is published in the printed program. But what follows on stage in no way, with the possible exception of a *pas de deux* to "The Man I Love," links Gershwin and Balanchine successfully. For many, the major abyss between the two was musical. Balanchine may well be the most musical choreographer in ballet; certainly, he is the most knowledgeable, since he is an accomplished musician himself. But in *Who Cares?*, he mirrors metrics—the beat—but not rhythm in his choreography, and Gershwin done without rhythm is not Gershwin. Ironically, the concluding song, "I Got Rhythm," was danced with no rhythm, just steps on beats.

The second difficulty was that Balanchine, for some odd reason, failed to plumb his own prodigious choreographic resources; for most of the dances, the steps, the patterns, the *enchaînements* were about on a par with what you might see in a ballet classroom, instructive to students but dull for the onlooker. The results of this unfortunate and unfulfilled liaison? Inferior ballet and no-good hoofing.

Yet another irony is that Balanchine is credited, and rightly, with making ballet an intrinsic element in musical comedy. Ballet had been there before, of course, with Adeline Genée early in the century and later with such stars as Marilyn Miller, Mary Eaton, Harriet Hoctor (divine!), and a few others who, though ballet-trained, had no place to go in America but to the variety stage. With *On Your Toes* (1936), Balanchine created a musical based upon ballet, much of it a satire of ballet and ballet people. Other Broadway hits, with Balanchine choreography, followed, but here ballet was introduced to show biz; in 1970, with *Who Cares?*, he was out to bring show biz to the ballet stage, and his reciprocity failed. For what he has done in *Who Cares?* is to make ballet seem as humdrum as the musical theater was when he attempted, and successfully, to invigorate it with the art of ballet or when De Mille made dancing and drama a single art expression in *Oklahoma!* and her other musical theater masterpieces that have followed.



—*Martha Swope.*

Patricia McBride and Jacques d'Amboise dance a duet to "The Man I Love" in the Balanchine-Gershwin ballet, the latest novelty of the New York City Ballet.

Balanchine is mostly, though not always, infallible. In *Who Cares?* the only dividend is to learn that with all his monumental talent he *is* fallible, like ordinary mortals. There are moments of loveliness, among them the "Man I Love" duet, exquisitely danced by Patricia McBride and Jacques d'Amboise, which I have mentioned. Hershy Kay's orchestrations for the opening and closing and Gordon Boelzner's piano playing for the in-between songs are admirable.

But looking at *Who Cares?*, I suddenly remembered my own exposure to the late Twenties when I was a country kid from Connecticut. My first ballet experience was Harriet Hoctor dancing to "Ma Belle" in the musical *The Three Musketeers*, which starred Vivienne Segal and Dennis King. My first rhythm-dance experience was in my home town of New Canaan when the teen-age DeCoste sisters, Catherine and Marie, tap danced to "Swanee River." Both, balletically and rhythmically, were far superior to *Who Cares?*, the ill-conceived creation of an acknowledged genius of the dance.

(P.S. Miss Tanguay's celebrated song, shouted loud and clear, was "I Don't Care! I Don't Care!")

One of the dance ensembles (Earle Sieveling, center) in George Balanchine's new ballet, "Who Cares?," to music of George Gershwin.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Sunny and Cher

IT IS HARDLY conceivable, surveying the scene today, that St. Thomas was once an exotic port visited by adventuresome types of the sort who now perhaps cruise the Moluccas, loll on the cushions of the Lake Palace Hotel in Udaipur, or contemplate the kudu in the Ngorogoro Crater. I confess that it seemed as romantic as a Halliburton port of call when I flipped into town (over the mountain and a quick setdown in a DC-3) back in what Lyndon Johnson would call nineteen and forty-seven.

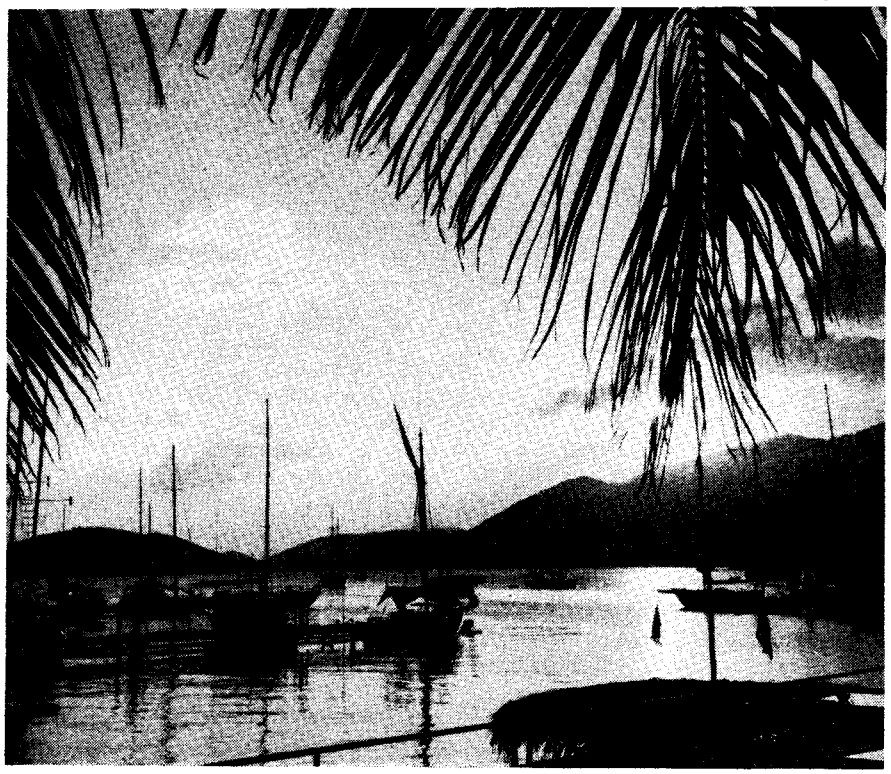
Today it is an open-air public sauna, a refuge from the deep freeze of the northlands, a heated shopping center filled with few of the necessities of life, but lots of sparkling bric-a-brac brought in from Switzerland, Scandinavia, and the bazaars of the East. The cruise ships park in the roads offshore and send their assault boats ashore in unending waves. Main Street, where I once wandered aimlessly as a vagrant, is a tropical Times Square, pedestrians flooding the sidewalks and fat American cars barely oozing along the road.

The shops have multiplied like mink and have adorable names like Sea Wench and Lion in the Sun and Snake in the Grass. The ubiquitous H. Stern, last seen selling jewels in Brazil, has bubbled up from the lower latitudes with a selection of topazes, tourmalines, aquamarines, and even Mikimoto's cultured pearls, spawned from oysters artificially inseminated, so to speak, in a bay in Japan. A salon called The Danish Mink sells—what else?—Danish mink spawned on a mink farm in Nord Sjaelland. Madame Souffront's French Shoppe at Palm Passage carries enough perfume to inflame a eunuch. She also trades in Lalique glass, Saint Laurent scarves, and Cardin clothes for men—indeed, every sought-after French label short of Dassault's Mirage jets.

Its new eminence has brought this once forgotten island such a harbinger of the civilized life as an Orange Julius stand serving not merely an Orange Julius drink made from the secret formula, but Juliusburgers and California chili. Pockets of big-city sophistication have appeared. Café Brittany is one, an outpost of Breton cuisine, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, created, artfully enough, from a pair of warehouses in Creques Alley between Main Street (or Dronningen's Gade, as the Danes called it) and the quay. Tables are laid with silver service on checkered cloths, flags hang down from the rafters, and customers nibble on Brittany crêpes and coquilles St. Jacques, perhaps conjuring up images of Quimper and Concarneau. The Hungarians have landed at the old Estate Contant, and the guests, assembled on awning-covered terraces in the gardens, are nourished with lobster blini, a staple—as the nearest Gabor will tell you—of the Magyar peasant kitchen.

The harbor at Charlotte Amalie—once ashore there are Brazilian gems, Japanese pearls, Danish mink, even Hungarian blinis.

—Fritz Henle.



In all the years I have known it, and that goes back to its earliest, sleepiest pre-Hilton days, nothing has ever looked better nor ever been run with so much verve as the Virgin Isle Hilton. It was packed to the gunwales the night I put up there, necessitating two sittings at dinner and a help-yourself breakfast. Some of the new rooms that hang on the cliffside and display Hong Kong views of the bay and the light-festooned cruise ships below are also equipped with instant, automated room service. By turning a special key in a combination console and bar, a guest can summon one-drink bottles of spirits, tins of pâté, nuts, soft drinks, and other pacifiers. The total is automatically recorded like telephone calls, and the amount a guest owes appears on the bill.

The age-old question of the mountains or the shore is also the visitor's option on St. Thomas. Land-bound, view-girt hotels such as the Virgin Isle try to capture the best of two worlds by offering convenient low-cost transport to the handsome beaches—gorgeous, untenanted Magens Bay with its horseshoe of white sand, and Morningstar which has a bar and a barbecue. I especially liked the simplicity of the Island Beachcomber, a collection of cottages under the sea grape trees and the banyans at Lindbergh Bay, hard by the airport. Breakfasts and light lunches are dispensed from a canopy-topped counter not ten steps from the sand. Until April 21 double bedroom with bath is $35; after that it's $25 a day. Add another five dollars in either season for a beachfront location.

I must say I was flabbergasted by Sapphire Bay, where not so long ago, or so it seems, I idled away a shining afternoon with Roger Coster, the French hotelier, restaurateur, raconteur, and onetime photographer. In those days, with the aid of Vincent Sardi, he had opened the Left Bank in Charlotte Amalie. The two of them, or so I heard recently, have moved on to better things—a Sardi's branch in London with Coster on the scene as resident bon vivant and general *tumler*. Sapphire Beach has moved on to the big time, too. The few Spartan rooms are gone, and in their place is a sprawling resort. The beach is gone, too, covered by pallets where the palefaces come to soak up the sun. Two

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bays away, the Pineapple Beach Club has sprung out of the earth, an enormous white and beige village of condominium apartments with banana trees and tikis to line the pathways. The architecture is faintly South Seas, the apartments rentable to itinerant wayfarers, the beach flat and not as fluffy as the strand at Sapphire Bay, the pool inviting, the dining room open on all sides to the tropical trades.

Mountain-minded people might prefer the Japanese-style cottages at Shibui, an Oriental settlement that has a Japanese bridge, a Hong Kong rickshaw, and a pool. Guests, who pay $55 a day for the privilege of inhabiting a cottage, can sit on the hilltop terrace and watch the jets glide in below. Indies House, high above Magens Bay, has created a splendid eyrie with a poolside dining room open to views customarily enjoyed by eagles. There are only thirty-two rooms, each of them fitted with two double beds, each fastidiously done up in high decorator style. Until deep in the spring the rate is $52 double without meals, or $64 with breakfast and dinner.

Unlike downtown Charlotte Amalie, the new hustle of St. Thomas barely reaches the mountaintop of Indies House, but it takes a mountaintop to escape it. And one cannot always get away from it then. The striped-top open buses bring the voyagers up to Drake's Seat, a nearby vantage point from which Drake is supposed to have surveyed the fleet. The scene is surveyed now by fluttery matrons who have their pictures taken aboard bougainvillaea-decorated donkeys.

To staff the hotels, the restaurants, the shops, the beaches, the boat basins, and all the impedimenta of tourism, the government has been required to bring labor forces from the outside. Dr. Melvin Evans, a former Democrat from neighboring St. Croix who turned Republican just before the last election and was later appointed governor, is faced with delicate problems that come with imported labor, particularly housing and education. For the labor force here only temporarily, there has been little of the former and none of the latter. Evans seeks improvements.

I must say I felt none of these tremors when I moved onward to Barbados, that unusual isle that sits apart from the rest of the West Indies both in look and location. By Caribbean measurements, Bridgetown is a big city and one with an essence of history. Founded in 1629, a few years after an English ship dropped anchor and claimed the island for King James I of England, Bridgetown has amassed nearly 100,000 citizens, many of whom live on the fringes in tiny, brightly painted toy houses with traditional

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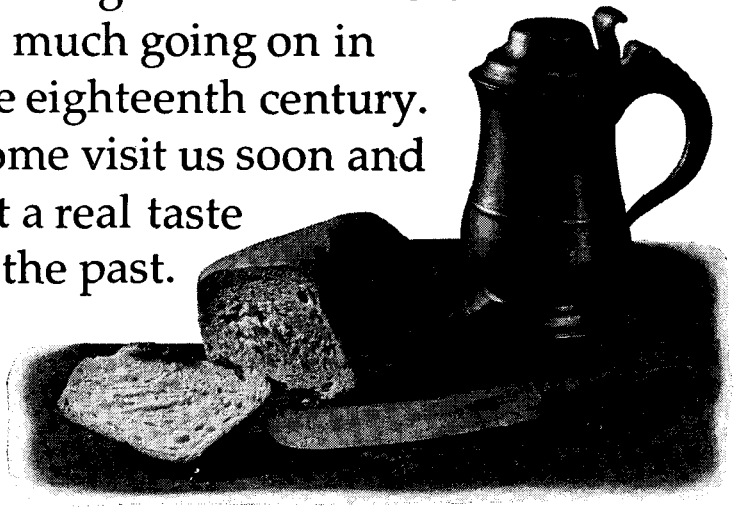

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peaked roofs. The baker still pushes a cart through the street, hawking cakes and bread, and in the proper season the local ladies parade along the Careenage where the boats put in, a box of sea urchins on their heads.

One of the earliest American tourists, as any Barbadian will tell you at the first opportunity, was Major George Washington. He wintered here in 1751 with his half-brother Lawrence, who was seeking a health cure. It is not always added that Major Washington contracted smallpox while on the island—a health hazard, I hasten to say, that has long since been cleared up. But Barbados is more closely entwined not with Washington but with Lord Nelson, who came much later, arriving with the fleet early in June of 1805. The word of his death at Trafalgar reached the island just before Christmas that year. In mourning, Barbados laid out its own Trafalgar Square, and the gray, English Gothic public buildings built for the local parliament by Victoria long years later seem to establish an eminently British air that pervades the island. One sees it in the harbor police, who still wear the uniform of Nelson's navy, and in the cricket matches played by black Barbadians on the pitches laid on the lofty plateaus where the sea paws at the cliffs even as it does at Dover.

The jet has severed Barbados from its isolation, and the island has its own Hilton and new devotees who short years ago would never have ventured so far from the Florida shore in midwinter. Happily for the landscape, the Hiltons have not been content merely to plant a big square box on the shore. Their local cantonment holds no more than 158 rooms in a seaside park of some fourteen acres. The looping arches of its roof line follow the style of old Fort Charles, which the British built here in 1627. Some of the rooms are duplex apartments, but all of them open to an atrium filled with plants and flowers. A thousand feet of sand stretches over what I remember to have been a ragged, rock-strewn waterfront when I chanced to look at the site some years ago. The artful manmade beach has lured not only bathers, but also sea urchins. Their sharp black tines waiting there just under the turquoise sea were enough to persuade me to try the pool, an artful adventure in itself with fountains pouring a tropical storm of water on those who would venture into the adjoining wading pools. The house was full of kids the evening I dined there, and they delighted in plucking the sizzling sparklers that came on the dessert and waving them about among the guests. The youngsters, cut loose from parental control, sat in wolf packs by themselves, a permissive system that offends my Victorian sensitivities.

On a delightful afternoon we rolled up the west coast looking in at such watering holes as Paradise Beach and the subdued, don't-move-a-face-muscle elegance of Sandy Cove, which has added a nine-hole golf course since I last put in. We paused a moment at Holetown to look at a monument to the first Englishmen who landed there off the *Olive Blossom* more than three centuries ago. Across the street stands Fifi's Boutique, and between them they seem to provide the parentheses of the age. We followed the sign that pointed to "Bloomsbury via the cane fields" and fetched up at last at St. John's Church 825 feet above the Atlantic, looking down over the hillside of breadfruit and bananas, palm trees, and those ltitle crib houses with their steep roofs like two hands folded against each other, fingers pointing skyward, in prayer. Then far below there was the white foam of the sea crashing into the shore receding before it arrived at the bordering row of casuarina pines. Barbadian youngsters stood under the shock-shock trees selling cane, but we had a rendezvous with a highly touted lunch at a place known as Pollard's Plantation. The old manor house has recently been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Denis Cook, an English couple *d'un certain âge,* who sold the large Golden Galleon restaurant they ran near Eastbourne in Sussex and moved into the smiling weather. They took with them their prize possessions—a pair of French chefs, one from Toulouse, the other from Biarritz—and changed the name of their inn to La Bonne Auberge. It is indeed *bonne,* serving *omelette St. Tropézienne* (filled with tomato, chicken livers, and *foie gras*), sweetbreads in butter and Madeira with *foie gras,* a highly passable *bourride provençale,* and a banana creole done in butter, and flavored with rum and curaçao. The full-fledged lunch or dinner, all trumpets blowing, costs $5 *prix fixe.* We spent the rest of the afternoon collapsed in a chaise lounge by the edge of the pool, gazing off at the vine-covered mill, stirring once to look at the rooms (air conditioned, and very chintzy), and again to escort a gaggle of youngsters into the mysterious jungleland of banana fronds and papayas, which we found yellow, soft, and ripe. We cleaned them with the barman's knife and ate them on the spot, a performance that, I suspect, confounded Mr. Cook, who is very English and very Sussex, and not used to visitors bouncing about in his banana patch. We offered him a thousand apologies, gave him a thousand kudos for his cuisine, and trundled off down the cane-lined road to Bridgetown.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

East Side, West Side

EXCEPT in the dead of winter, you can't get around New York for very long without running into a movie crew on some street or sidewalk. Usually, there are at least a half-dozen films in progress in or about Manhattan, ranging all the way from high-budget musicals to lowly skin flicks.

Often the authenticity of a New York setting can help add major interest to an otherwise minor script. *Loving*, for instance, a recent film about marriage in the Westport style, capitalizes effectively on the sights and sounds of its urban-suburban milieu. The protagonist—a frustrated artistic type trapped in the pursuit of mammon—is hardly a new acquaintance in either fiction or film. This time the mammon-pursuer is George Segal, who plays a harried commercial illustrator disenchanted with his métier, his devoted wife (Eva Marie Saint, looking handsomer than ever), his two bratty daughters, and his cramped colonial home. He is a man on the run, perpetually worried, lacking a sense of inner direction, and ever ready to jump into the nearest escape hatch. Like others before him, he has taken to drink and infidelity, but the martinis are endangering an already shaky career, and the young art student with whom he has been having an affair is insisting that he choose between heart and hearth.

This tarnished theme has been polished by director Irvin Kershner's keen eye for detail and nuance into a quite luminous movie. He shows a sensitive understanding of the tense desperation involved in working against deadline on a tedious but crucial assignment; the uneasy jollity of a wife trying to sustain amiable cocktail-party chatter while keeping half an eye on her tipsy husband across the room; the mixed anxiety and regret of a middle-aged divorcée showing her house to prospective buyers; the forced lunch-time camaraderie of high-pressure professionals on the make. All this speaks impressively for the director's expertise and the talents of his performers. But without the authentic backdrop of streets and structures in New York and Westport, the film would lack much of its pertinence and sparkle.

The same can be said of *Jenny*, which focuses on New York's pot-smoking, swinging-singles scene and features Alan Alda (son of Robert) and Marlo Thomas (daughter of Danny) as an unlikely pair of lovers-by-default. The two meet in Central Park and quickly learn of each other's special problem. Alan is awaiting a summons from the draft board, and Marlo is awaiting a baby. After a good deal of tea-sipping, Oriental music, and inarticulate dialogue in the approved modern manner, Alan proposes a marriage of convenience—thus giving him a deferment and furnishing her with a father for the baby. "This isn't a physical thing," he emphasizes; "it's just a way of solving both our problems."

Of course, Marlo secretly wants more than just the motions of marriage. And, of course, the film eventually reaches the expected romantic conclusion. En route there are some engaging performances by the young couple and some amusing swipes at contemporary manners. This sentimental confection is rather like a very good TV situation comedy—not surprising in view of the fact that director George Bloomfield has a long list of television credits in his native Canada. This is his first feature film, and it augurs well. Again, the New York ambience—a Village bar, the Whitney Museum, a municipal playground—gives the picture some helpful solidity.

Maurice Pialat's touching account of a disturbed ten-year-old foster child shunted by the authorities from one family to another in the drab coal-mining section of northern France proved to be one of the chief delights of the 1968 Lincoln Center Film Festival. The picture has finally been put into general release here under the new title *Me* (formerly *Naked Childhood*), and it is not to be missed.

This film too was made on location and utilizes an entirely nonprofessional cast. Michel Terrazon plays the boy with a fascinating mix of innocence and nastiness. Early in the film he drops a delightful black kitten down a high stairwell just for the hell of it, and to a confirmed aelurophile like me that's inexcusable behavior. But by the end he had succeeded in winning me over just as he won over M. and Mme. Minguet, the wise and warm-hearted old couple who have given him a home. It's a stunningly unsentimental chronicle with a rare ring of truth, the sort of minor masterpiece that the French have been managing so well ever since the days of Couperin and Watteau.

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Thomas Wolfe

Continued from page 24

important point is that the editing of these *Notebooks* is sound in the major areas. Richard S. Kennedy in 1962 brought out *The Window of Memory*, a valuable forerunner of these new volumes, and last year the other editor, Paschal Reeves, published *Thomas Wolfe's Albatross: Race and Nationality in America*, in which Wolfe's xenophobia frequently manifests itself. As the editors comment, because Wolfe never properly accepted the diversity of origins and beliefs among Americans, he could not in this area of the national experience "qualify as the epic spokesman because he lacked the wide embrace of a Whitman." To him, blacks were usually niggers; he wrote disparagingly of Americanized "foreign types," and he was, as these *Notebooks* consistently show, far more anti-Semitic than his apologists seem to have known. He was, it is plain, genuinely in love with Aline Bernstein, his mistress for several years; but in his journals he usually referred to her, with an evident but perhaps partly unconscious resentment, as "my Jew" or "the Jew." These volumes contain the draft of a 1934 letter to her that was cruelly anti-Semitic; apparently Wolfe had the good grace not to send it. The editors point out that Wolfe is usually assumed to have developed his anti-Semitism after a long series of quarrels with Mrs. Bernstein, but they include a diary fragment from his Harvard years that shows how deeply the anti-Jewish clichés were embedded in his consciousness.

Yet Wolfe escaped at least partly from such attitudes toward the end of his life, as his long story "I Have a Thing to Tell You" demonstrates. It also reveals his post-1936 disillusionment with Germany, previously his favorite foreign country. As readers of that novella know, it was the Nazis' vicious treatment of a Jew trying to get out of Germany that turned Wolfe against the régime. When he began to write the story he started the third paragraph with "I don't like Jews," but he cut the qualification later, for he had a thing to tell us.

You Can't Go Home Again was the title his editor gave to Wolfe's last novel, published posthumously; the phrase was one he often used. Yet in the last two years of his life he *was* in some ways going home again, and he not only explored a large part of Western America but made his first visit in eight years to his native Asheville, the Altamont and Lybia Hill of his novels. If he had lived he might have discovered for himself a new America. Certainly he was jaded, at least at that time, with Europe. When he stopped in Paris for the last time in 1936, the city he had always rejoiced in—particularly its restaurants and cafés—seemed to him a "sad and enervating town." He complained of "The eternal monotony of French life—The banal life of cafés—the people gesticulating and talking—and to what purpose?" This was quite different from his earlier lively impressions, as in the spring of 1935:

> The queer smoky bright light of Paris in morning . . . old man with whiskers bearing bottle—another old man caped and capped (pocket with leather bag beneath)—boy pumps by on tricycle piled with great wicker baskets . . . workers going by—little solid Frenchman bandy legged—cap—white scarf—heavy suit—*worker*—where—Some well dressed men—workers also—others (workers) in denim earnestly pedaling bikes—stump cigar holding in mouth.

There is no such animation in the 1936 notes; Wolfe merely mentions the places where he ate and drank, obviously with little zest, and adds some censure of the American expatriates who had celebrated Paris in the 1920s and who in his view had produced nothing worthwhile.

As did many of his fellow-writers of the time, however, Wolfe soon veered somewhat to the Left, writing for liberal journals and even, in the case of a story he could have sold for a profit, presenting the piece gratis to *The New Masses*. Like so many liberal or United Front writers, he began speaking of people he didn't like as Fascists, and in a 1937 entry in these *Notebooks* he amusingly listed "Potential Fascist Literary Groups and Individuals," where lo! *SR*'s name led all the rest. Wolfe had been furious at *SR*'s editor Bernard De Voto, for his 1935 review ("Genius Is Not Enough") of Wolfe's *The Story of a Novel*, which had first appeared as a three-part serial in *SR* in 1935, the year Wolfe's second novel, *Of Time and the River*, came out. That book had, with certain qualifications, been treated favorably by the departing editor of *SR*, Henry Seidel Canby. Wolfe's agent, Elizabeth Nowell, in her 1960 biography of her author, recalled that Canby's was "the first major review to turn the tide in favor of *Of Time and the River*." But Wolfe had something of a tendency toward megalomania, which went with his mountainous image of himself; people had to be with him 100 per cent of the way or they were altogether against him. And, although Canby's name was omitted from the potential-Fascist enumeration, Wolfe's inevitable denigration of him appeared in the last posthumous collection of his fiction, *The Hills Beyond* (1941), which depicted *SR*'s founder in that rather crude pasquinade "Portrait of a Literary Critic," dated by Aswell "after 1935."

It is interesting to note that Thomas Wolfe included in his "Fascist" list not only the *New York Times Book Review* but also its editor at that time, J. Donald Adams. The *Virginia Quarterly Review* qualified, too, as did the Southern Agrarians and the literary newspaper columns of Herschel Brickell and Harry Hansen. The New York *Sun* was likewise blasted, along with the American Academy of Arts and Letters, to say nothing of the National Institute (Wolfe called it the Academy) of Arts and Letters, in which Wolfe had not long before accepted membership. After the appearance of his first book he sometimes felt hostility toward other writers or was at least uncomfortable with them, and he did not get along particularly well even with F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, though Perkins wanted all Scribner's authors to be happy together.

Yet there are signs that Wolfe was mellowing toward the end of his life. Before he left Paris for that last time in 1936, he wrote, in the fragmentary first draft of "I Have a Thing to Tell You," some words that he of course meant for all mankind. ". . . brothers, we must brothers be—or die," a curious anticipation of the famous line in the early versions of Auden's "September 1, 1939": "We must love one another or die." Perhaps, after all, Thomas Wolfe was, in a most human way, preparing to go home again.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1387

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1387 will be found in the next issue.

WOCBID BD MXO VFGFVBMQ

LJZ DOOBCW ZOPFMBJCDXBGD

TXOZO PODDOZ UOC DOO CJCO.

—TBPPBFU KFUOD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1386

Generosity does not have to account to shrewdness for its motives. —VAUVENARGUES.

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SR | ENVIRONMENT & THE QUALITY OF LIFE

Cleaning Humanity's Nest

With this issue, SR/ Environment becomes a regular monthly feature of the Saturday Review. The section is a development of the supplement SR/ Research: Science & Humanity. Coverage of the general field of science will be provided by John Lear as a regular department in the body of the magazine.

A PHILOSOPHY FOR THE ENVIRONMENT

Philosophy precedes ecology. What is most needed today are new realizations about man's place in the universe, a new sense of life, a new pride in the importance of being human, a new anticipation of the enlarged potentialities of mind, a new joyousness in the possibilities for essential human unity, and a new determination to keep this planet from becoming uninhabitable.

The largest library on Earth is not big enough to contain a catalogue listing everything that goes into the making of a single living cell. Man has been able to comprehend everything in the world except the uniqueness of his own being. Perhaps it is just as well. If ever he begins to contemplate his own composite wonder, he would lose himself in celebration and have neither time nor energy for anything else.

With all his gifts, man has been able to effect vast change, making his life different from that of those who have lived before. His capacity for invention and his sense of creative splendor have constructed great civilizations. But he has never been in command of his own works. He has never been in balance. The result today is that, for all his brilliance, he has thrown himself all the way back to his primitive condition, in which his dominant problem on Earth was coping with his environment. The difference between his situation today and his tribal beginnings is that the environmental threats today are of his own making. He has been hammering at the chain of life at its weakest link, impairing the ability of the forests and the seas to make oxygen, putting poisons in the air beyond the ability of his lungs to eliminate them, fouling his own soil and water so that they cannot provide him with food.

Man's greatest failure is that he is unable to see his planet as a single abode. He has had little difficulty in making all of it accessible, but he has never made it manageable. But the price of his survival is the management of his planet. This calls for a philosophy of the whole, and for new education in the comprehension and control of his environment. For it will not be enough to fashion the world's largest mop in an attempt to clean up the human habitat. Humanity needs a world order. The fully sovereign nation is incapable of dealing with the poisoning of the environment. Worse than that, the national governments are an important part of the problem. They create anarchy on the very level where responsible centers and interrelationships are most needed. Whatever their functions inside their own borders, the nations in their external roles become irresponsible engines of spoilage and destruction.

The management of the planet, therefore, whether we are talking about the need to prevent war or the need to prevent ultimate damage to the conditions of life, requires a world government. This will be the test of man's vision and greatness. He can either exhaust himself in speculation over the difficulty of achieving such a government, or he can get on with the essential business of bringing it about. It will be a test not of his skill but of his philosophy. Everything begins—or ends—with a view of life.

If supreme value is given to life, it will not be impossible to create and maintain those institutions that are required to serve and sustain man. —N.C.

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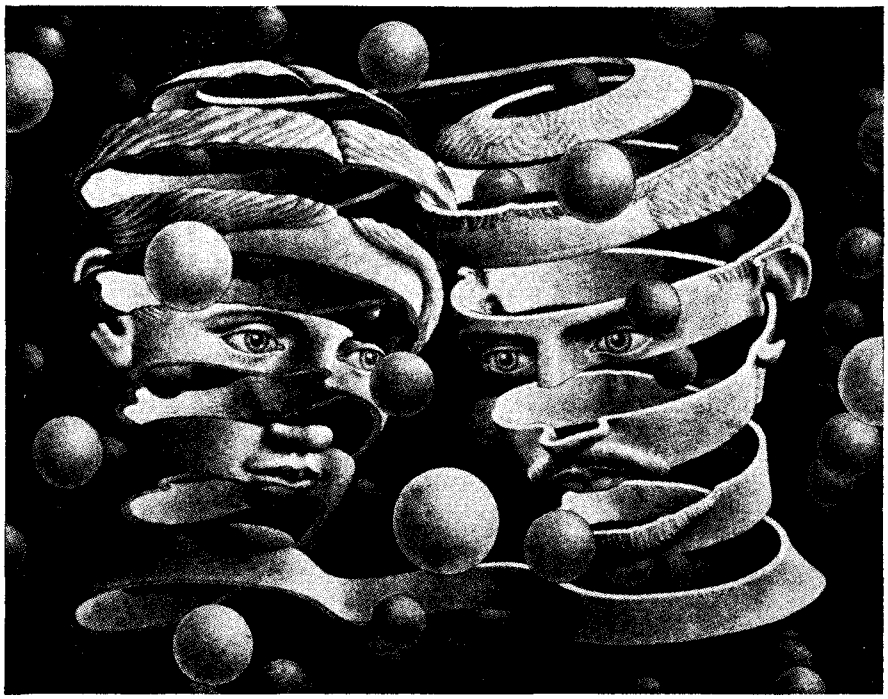
PROSPECTS FOR SPACESHIP MAN



—*Illustrations from "The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher," courtesy Hawthorn Books, Inc.*

by G. L. STEBBINS

Temporarily, man has occupied all parts of the earth from the depths of the ocean to its highest summits, as well as extraterrestrial space and the surface of the moon. His permanent habitats encompass nearly as wide a range as those of all other land animals put together. In all of these habitats he is actually or potentially in complete control of the biotic community in which he exists. If he should devote the same amount of time, money, and energy to eliminating any other species of animal that he spends preparing to destroy his fellows in the name of defense and security, that species could be eliminated in a relatively short time. Man's ecological niche is, therefore, complete dominance over the biotic community. Man alone of all beings is aware of his position in the biotic community.

The implication of this awareness is that structural and biochemical differences between man and his nearest relatives among the animals must be regarded in an entirely different context from differences with respect to his ecological niche and his way of life. Recent comparisons between the hemoglobins and other proteins of man and those of the great apes have emphasized further our biochemical similarity to those animals. At least one authority maintains that from the biological point of view men and chimpanzees are as much alike as are donkeys and horses, and that they resemble each other more than either of them resembles another ape, the orangutan. As evidence of our biological and biochemical similarity to other animals is accumulating, the ecological gap between man and his biological relatives is widening. The last vestiges of human societies that depend for their existence upon their relationships to wild animals and plants persist only in a few remote corners of the earth, such as the desert wastes of Australia and the jungle fastnesses of the Amazon and Congo basins. Even there, human societies forming part of more or less natural biotic communities persist largely because their continued existence is desirable to more "advanced" forms of human society. Man has, therefore, broken contact almost entirely with the ecological universe that existed before his culture developed. He no longer occupies ecological niches; he makes them.

Man's widespread geographical and ecological distribution came relatively early in his evolutionary history. Africa and Eurasia appear to have been occupied entirely by *Homo erectus*, the species of hominoid from which man descended, at least half a million years ago. The occupations of Australia and America were much later but were probably completed by 15,000 years ago. At that time, however, human life was still completely interwoven with the natural biotic communities of which societies formed a part. Mankind still carved out his ecological niche, as do other animals, by accommodating himself to his natural surroundings. He still preyed upon wild animals, gathered wild plants, and had to defend himself against natural predators.

The true "human revolution" began with the dawn of agriculture several thousands of years later and can be regarded as complete only in our own time with the appearance of the industrial and atomic revolutions, the mechanization of agriculture, the conscious improvement by controlled breeding of domestic animals and cultivated plants, the harnessing of power to replace human and animal labor, and the virtual elimination of the more common diseases and plagues. On a comparative time scale, beginning with the first tool-using hominoids, the time required for man to reach his maximum geographic and ecological distribution represents approximately the first 98 per cent of the period of his existence. The total time span of the human revolution is only the final 1 per cent of this period, and it has affected the majority of human populations only during the last 0.2 to 0.3 per cent of the total period.

The key qualities that are responsible for both man's wide distribution and his radical transformation of the earth's environment are his intelligence and foresight, his ability to use

PROFESSOR G. L. STEBBINS is a naturalist on the faculty of the University of California at Davis. The ideas expressed here were largely developed while the author was a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Behavioral Sciences, Stanford. The text is excerpted from his 1969 presidential address to The American Society of Naturalists. The complete address will be published in a forthcoming issue of *The American Naturalist* and later in book form by the University of Chicago Press. Reproduction by special permission of Professor Stebbins, *The American Naturalist*, and the University of Chicago Press. Copyright © 1970 by University of Chicago.

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tools, and his social organization. These three qualities evolved together, as an adaptive syndrome. Modern studies of a wide variety of other species of primates have shown that cohesive societies exist in most of them, and that in all species that are adapted to savannas or other types of open country, rather than dense forests, some kind of social organization is the rule. Their patterns of organization can be highly complex and can vary adaptively in relation to the environment. Furthermore, although the tendency to form societies may be innate and genetically conditioned, their structure and the role played in them by each individual are largely transmitted from parents to offspring by teaching and learning.

These facts suggest that man's ancestors, even when they were no more intelligent than other primates and did not use tools at all, already had a well-developed social organization, based upon learning as well as instinct. Moreover, recent observations of chimpanzees in nature have shown that they often use sticks for opening termite nests and for other purposes. Hence the use of simple tools could well have been characteristic of man's ancestors at a very early stage, even while they were in the process of leaving the forests and colonizing open territory. We must conclude, therefore, that man did not start to use tools and form organized societies because he had first acquired a superior intelligence. On the contrary, the adaptive trigger that first placed a high selective value upon genes for increased intelligence was probably the fact that his apelike ancestors had already become adapted to life in open savannas by virtue of their social structure and their ability to use unfashioned tools. In the gelada baboon of Ethiopia, learned patterns of behavior today play an important role not only in the reproductive process but also in defense against predators. The basic social structure of the gelada baboon is a group of harems, each one of which consists of a dominant male and several females. The bachelor males, unable to acquire females, form separate bands that remain near the periphery of the colony and often defend it against potential predators such as hyenas and village dogs. Under these circumstances, predators that could easily overcome a single baboon are defeated by collective action.

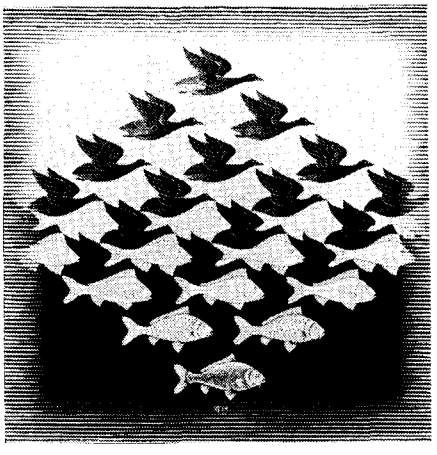
One can easily imagine how a comparable social structure would have benefited primates that were migrating from forests into open country. The harem's social structure would mean that in times of food scarcity males would be expendable without reducing the reproductive capacity of the population. Furthermore, those family groups in which young males were taught to band together for defending the colony before they could acquire females would be more successful in defending and perpetuating themselves than would those families which had not acquired this trait. Since throwing stones for defense is an almost automatic reflex action on the part of many modern primates, the use of such tools for defense could have begun very early. If these defenders should occasionally kill one of their attackers with a well-aimed missile, the use of these same tools for hunting and attacking prey would come naturally. Once this way of life had been instituted, those family bands that had acquired, by mutation and genetic recombination, a genetic capacity for greater intelligence and learning ability would be able to make better tools, would be better coordinated with respect to both defense against predators and hunting for food, and so would give rise to more efficient and reproductively prolific families among their offspring.

Relying on this reasoning, I believe that a syndrome of characteristics—closely knit social structure, tool using, and intelligence—was already evolving as a synchronous unit before man's ancestors acquired their wide distribution. The dispersal of mankind to many different habitats, therefore, came about not as an inevitable consequence of the establishment of this syndrome but by virtue of certain special properties that resulted from it. When they migrated into cold climates, man's ancestors must have protected their naked bodies by covering them with the skins of animals as big as or bigger than themselves. Killing enough large animals for this purpose would certainly be done much more easily by bands of hunters than by single individuals. Moreover, building shelters in the form of huts, or acquiring shelter by ridding caves of the bears and other large carnivores that inhabited them, would also have been done much more easily by coordinated bands than by individuals or pairs.

"How did man transform his environment in order to make his own environmental niche?" Before this transformation began, while all of mankind was still in the Stone Age, the average intelligence of the human species was already as high as it is today. This fact is evident both from the exquisite craftsmanship required for making the more advanced paleolithic tools and from the excellence of the well-known paintings found in the caves of western Europe. The presence of graves containing evidences of an elaborate burial ceremony indicates that these men who existed 15,000 or more years before the dawn of agriculture possessed a highly organized and elaborate social structure and were capable of abstract thinking and symbolism. Consequently, the beginning of the "human revolution" in global ecology was not the inevitable result of man's advance to a high state of social organization, tool using, and intelligence, but of certain special circumstances that appeared long after this state had been acquired. Anthropologists all agree that the most important of these circumstances was the dawn of agriculture and livestock raising.

However, man's transformation of his habitat by these practices quickly became a boomerang. Valleys that are cultivated no longer support the wild plants that were originally there. Hills that are systematically grazed by livestock can no longer support an abundance of wild game. Consequently, soon after the former hunters and gatherers had learned to raise domestic animals and cultivated plants, they began to depend upon such products for their existence. In this way, they severed their previously essential connection with the natural environment and created a new biotic environment based upon human artifacts and upon man-directed transformations of living beings.

I would like to suggest that the destructive effects of man's earliest exploitation of nature produced disasters even in prehistoric times. Legends of great floods are prevalent in the folklore of many tribes and nations, such as the Hebrew story of Noah. Archaeologists who have studied the ruins of the ancient cities of Mesopotamia have produced evidence that, in fact, a great flood did sweep down this valley about 3,000 years before Christ, destroying all the cities built there. Isn't it possible that this flood was the result not only of an unusually rainy season but also of the previous denudation of the vegetation on the surrounding hills by cultivation and overgrazing? I believe



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that Noah's flood was, as the biblical author says, a retribution for mankind's sins. These were not, however, the immoralities of city people; they were, rather, the sins of overexploitation that farmers and herdsmen had been committing for centuries against their life-giving environment.

Obviously, these first disasters interrupted only briefly man's progress toward increasing control over and transformation of his environment. With the advent of writing, permanent templates for the design of his social organization became possible, and city-states came into being. From then on, the spread of the human revolution over the entire earth was only a matter of time.

We now find ourselves at exactly that instant of time in the evolution of the earth when our own species has transformed virtually the entire global ecosystem into habitats that are designed to favor its continued reproductive capacity and increase in numbers. At the same time, the evils that have accompanied this transformation have by no means diminished: The exploitation of one individual by another that may have begun with our apelike ancestors, when dominant males began to deny to their brothers or cousins any access to females, has continued through the universal slavery that existed in the early city-states, the feudalism of the Middle Ages, the vicious exploitation of labor that accompanied the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, the African slave trade of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, up to the present exploitation of developing nations by the citizens of nations that consider themselves more advanced.

Moral hypocrisy, exemplified by the formulation of laws, constitutions, and doctrines of rights that are violated whenever a group of men is powerful or clever enough to do so with impunity, also has probably existed since the beginning of writing and the dawn of civilization. Finally, natural biotic communities all over the earth bear scars of wounds inflicted upon them by men for centuries or millennia, and these scars are continually becoming larger and uglier. What can we expect for the future? We are now potentially able, on the basis of our technology, to keep the human population down to a level that the earth can tolerate, to do this without the tragedies of infant mortality or of disease or of war, and to feed populations of a reasonable size as well as previous civilizations fed their exploiting rulers. Will we be able to reorganize our society to use this technology for human betterment, or will the spiral of continuing exploitation and degradation continue forever, until we leave a lifeless planet?

Before I try to look into the future, I would like to present a debit and credit sheet on mankind.

The first item on the debit side is our capacity for thoughtless destructiveness. With thoroughness and efficiency, we destroy our environment by slashing down our forests, scarring our land with mine strips, quarries, and suburban bulldozing, and polluting water and air alike with the effluents of our industrial "progress." With equal enthusiasm and disregard for the future, we believe that the ultimate solution of the world's political and social problems is the killing of other men by the most powerful engines of destruction that we can create. For the most part, moreover, none of this destructiveness seems overtly evil or malicious.

The despoilers and polluters of our natural environment regard themselves as "developers," who, at considerable financial risk to themselves, are making the world a better place for their fellow men and who, therefore, deserve large profits for their efforts.

The national leaders who have ordered mass destruction of a supposedly dangerous "enemy" — Napoleon, Bismarck, the German Kaiser, World War I generals on both sides, Mussolini, Hitler, Tojo, Truman, and the Vietnam generals—have all regarded themselves as heroes, who, by doing the right thing at the right time, were helping to make the world a better place for decent people. The calculating, power-mad leader whose only thoughts are for his own aggrandizement is a fiction of mystery stories and television dramas. The world is threatened not by small groups of willful egotists but by would-be heroes who have misguided views about how their country can be saved and how it can then lead the world to a better future.

Hardly less ominous for our future is mankind's incredible ability for self-deception. Before 1914, the peace and prosperity of the United States seemed to be assured forever, so long as we minded our own business and kept out of entangling foreign alliances. Then came the shock of World War I, which we made palatable by converting it, in our imaginations, to the "war to end wars" and a struggle "to make the world safe for democracy." Our victory led President Wilson to believe that these goals could be achieved by the simple device of projecting the rationalist-legalist approach of the U.S. Constitution to encompass and overcome international rivalries and inequalities that had existed for millennia. Meanwhile, by means of prohibition, our moralists tried to legislate morals into people. As the folly of both of these attempts became evident, we reverted to the "normalcy" of private gain via inflated values on the stock market. Once this bubble was pricked, a new President deceived himself and many others by his belief that he could eliminate greed and profit-seeking by a simple plan, NIRA, and by castigating the "malefactors of great wealth." On top of this failure and disillusionment came Hitler and a war in which democracy had to fight hard for its existence. Even then, we deceived ourselves into thinking that this was the ultimate battle.

After the victory, the world, in our imagination, divided into two opposite camps. One of them contained the "bad guys" who belonged to the "totalitarian Communist conspiracy" aimed at destroying everything of value, and the other consisted of the "good guys" who belonged to the "free world" (including, of course, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, and a dozen or so minor dictators who had to be tolerated as "bulwarks of defense"). The world's problems were resolved into making sure that the good guys would eventually win over the bad guys. Our present national dilemma appears to be the difficulty of extricating ourselves, without losing face, from the impossible position that resulted from our behaving as if this myth were the truth.

Self-deception has by no means been the monopoly of twentieth-century Americans. A century earlier, the major nations of Western Europe paid the price of their belief that, by assuming the "white man's burden" and civilizing "barbarians" and "savages"

(*Continued on page* 64)

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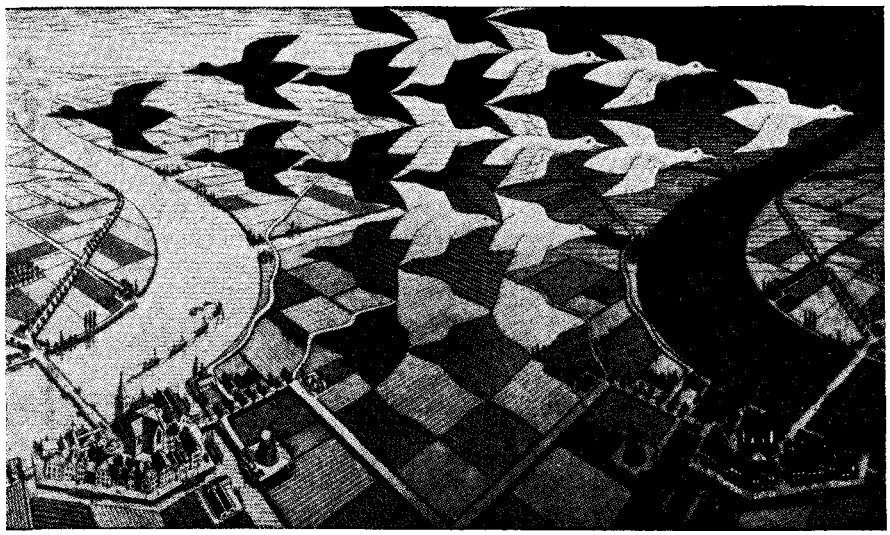
THE POLITICS OF ECOLOGY



How do we transmit ecological wisdom to the average citizen for rational and deliberate application at the polls?

by HARVEY WHEELER

Until little more than six months ago, "new politics" referred to either the protest movement or late-model mass-media campaigning. Today, however, a third new politics is springing up. It is being given urgency by a growing public alarm over all varieties of pollution. War protest has yielded to demonstrations against the rape of the environment. Youth is turning away from Marxists like Herbert Marcuse and flocking to ecologists like Paul Ehrlich. The message is ecocide, the environment being murdered by mankind. Each day brings to light a new ecological crisis. Our dense, amber air is a noxious emphysema agent; farming—anti-husbandry—turns fertile soil into a poisoned wasteland; rivers are sewers, lakes cesspools, and our oceans are dying.

The early warning signals seemed unrelated and were easily ignored. Five hundred Londoners died of a summer smog attack. New York, blacked out and turned off, became dysfunctional. Union Oil's Platform A sprang a leak and converted Santa Barbara's postcard beaches into a sludge swamp. Traffic congestion made driving slower than walking. Airways threatened to become as dangerous as freeways. Cities, unable to function, closed schools and reduced public services. As power blackouts became seasonal, power demands rose and pushed pollution levels—thermal and hydrocarbon—to higher readings. Mathematical ecologists, such as Kenneth Watt, estimate that the United States is approaching the point where the interstitial energy required to keep the system going is greater than the energy it employs productively: Overhead costs overwhelm output. Our entire social order faces an ecosystem "depression" that will make 1929 look like a shower at a garden party.

It is imperative to correct one common fallacy—one especially popular among the young. Technology is not the culprit. Admittedly, the misuse of technology is part of the problem, but the essence of the real problem is what Watt calls the ecocidal asymptote. It is to the new politics of ecology what $E=mc^2$ was to the thermonuclear era.

The ecocidal asymptote runs as follows: Statistical studies of the pattern of exploitation of every natural resource can be plotted as two curves. One represents the rate of depletion of a resource, the other represents the technological capacity for its exploitation. Both curves are exponential; that is, in the beginning they rise very gradually. But their rate of increase is always rising, pushing their curves up ever more steeply until they reach a vertical explosion. Both follow the same pattern at the same rate, exploding, asymptotically, at the same time.

As an illustration, consider the ocean's fisheries—the blue whale, the salmon, the tuna. In the beginning, the supply is virtually unlimited, and harvesting techniques make little or no dent in the available supply. Soon fishing techniques improve, and, as they do, they gradually overtake reproduction rates; supplies decline as techniques improve. As this situation becomes apparent, it spurs on competition to get more and more while the getting is good. Ever more efficient fishing techniques are invented, and their rate of efficiency rises in direct ratio to the depletion of the resource until the point arrives when the ultimate in fishing technology coincides with the extinction of the species. This "falling together" of the technology and resource depletion curves is the ecocidal asymptote. It is the inimical process that characterizes our age, the enemy of the new politics of ecology. The death of one resource leads to the depletion of another; one technological fix begets another. Each of our ecocidal crises is interconnected with all the others, and none can be solved in

HARVEY WHEELER is a senior fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California.

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isolation. The politics of ecology is architectonic.

The new politics of ecology, however, is not merely an outgrowth of the old politics of conservation. Conservation has a long and revered history, tracing back to such men as John Muir and Clifford Pinchot. This conservationist tradition, somewhat ineffectual in the past, is acquiring a new vitality today. In fact, entire states, largely in the American Northwest, are known for their being officially conservation-minded. Washington, Oregon, and Montana are prominent examples. Conservationist slogans gain in popularity each day: "Keep Arizona Clean"; "Preserve Washington's Water" (and keep it out of California); "Stamp Out Billboards"; "Save Lake Tahoe." Rotarians and Yippies unite in "GOO"—"Get Oil Out of Santa Barbara"; and the cry of that great conservationist Howard Hughes is voiced: "Don't let the AEC shake down Caesar's Palace." These are laudable examples of conservationist politics, but all share the basic characteristics of the conservationism of the past; all are local, piecemeal efforts, and all rely upon traditional pressure-group tactics.

Today, we can count approximately 126 Congressmen who have publicly identified themselves as a conservationist bloc. A new bill introduced by Congressman Richard L. Ottinger and others proposes to guarantee all citizens the right to enjoy a healthful environment. Yet, such efforts are still in the mode of the old politics. They have a new twist, a new power base, and a new constituency. This new lease on life for the old mode of conservationist politics is not difficult to understand. It is an outgrowth of the leisure industries spawned by our affluent society. It is, to oversimplify, the politics of tourism. Conservationism is a gut issue in the West. It means preserve our state as an enclave of natural beauty and tourist attractions.

But the new politics of ecology means something quite different. A few examples will sharpen these differences. The essential political problem of the future is, first, to figure out how to preserve general ecological balances, and, second, how to calculate hidden social costs so as to determine how much is really being spent on side effects such as a new freeway, the three-car family, and the SST. Complete ecological harmony is impossible to achieve, but the "trade-offs" necessary to approach it as closely as possible must become known.

There is no such thing as an atmosphere without any pollution. However, it is obvious that certain kinds of air pollution deriving from fossil fuels already have reached perilous levels. This is not merely a question of unsightliness nor even of the threat of a rise in lung cancer and emphysema. Even more serious hazards may develop if pollution particles are carried by superjets from the lower atmosphere into its upper, turbulence-free layers. Scientists warn that these jet contrails may not be dispersed and could act as an insulation layer between Earth and sun, cooling the earth and leading to a new Ice Age. Of course, no one is certain what will really happen. We are in much the same position as when DDT was introduced; nobody knew for certain what its cumulative effects would be. Today, it does not seem inconceivable that pollution particles could quickly clog the upper atmosphere, and before we knew it utter havoc would be upon us.

Obviously, pollution must be reduced, but again we are not dealing in absolutes. We must know what levels are tolerable, and we must know the conveniences or desires that must be sacrificed to maintain these levels. New mass transit systems may be required. Individual desires to own several automobiles will have to be curtailed. And this is but the beginning. Ecologists tell us we shall have to mount a revolution of declining expectations. Gadgets will have to go. Creature comforts will have to give way to culture comforts. Americans today are at 1788. Never again will they or their children enjoy as many material conveniences. This is the real revolution implicit in the new politics of ecology.

What level of public education should we and can we maintain? How much are we willing to pay for it? How can we finance that level? Can we continue to support schools from state land taxes? Is it just to do so? Must we institute a national educational system? To answer these questions we must know the optimum size of an urban community, and how population should be distributed in our clustered communities. In short, we shall have to find out exactly what life in a megalopolis really costs, and whether or not we are getting our money's worth.

What degree of smog is created by population density? Perhaps the same number of people could live in roughly the same area, and even own the same number of cars if they displayed different density patterns with lower ratios of travel between residence and work. Simple freeway tariff schedules could alter traffic patterns immediately by penalizing over-powered and under-occupied vehicles. But we don't know. We don't know how much interstitial overhead energy we waste in a city like New York, merely trying to hold its parts together and keep it operating. We shall have to learn how to calculate the interstitial requirements of cities of different types and sizes to determine the optimum balance between urban amenities and overhead costs. We have no real measures of the price we pay for slums in all sorts of ways—poor health, substandard living conditions, crime, and so on. We do know that slums are high statistics areas; in them are concentrated most of everything bad, and at the end of each statistic lies a dead body.

Automation reduces the number of people required for factory and office operations, making huge cities unnecessary as well as uneconomic. Industrialists have known this for a long time. But what about the city as a cultural center? If we reduced cities to the size of fifty thousand or even a hundred thousand people, wouldn't we have to sacrifice our great cultural centers, our theaters, our museums, our libraries? The answer is no, we would expand them, improve them, and make them more widely available to all. We speak already of the museum without walls, meaning that the treasures of the entire world can now be exhibited everywhere. Microfilm libraries plus computer terminals make it possible for everybody everywhere to use the Library of Congress as well as the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale.

What of the theater, the symphony, the ballet? Of course, recordings and

(*Continued on page 62*)

Senator Goldwater's Conclusion

As I fly into Arizona from the East I have been appalled for years at the large quantity of white sulfur smoke from the smelters that can be seen as far away as Cananea, Mexico, and now the anger of the people has finally demanded that something be done.

Why these corporations are so shortsighted in this important public relations field I cannot understand, but instead of volunteering to join in smoke abatement they are resisting it. I have about reached the conclusion that, while large industry is important, fresh air and clean water are more important, and the day may well come when we have to lay that kind of a hand on the table and see who is bluffing.

—U.S. Senator Barry M. Goldwater (in a letter to the editor of *SR*).

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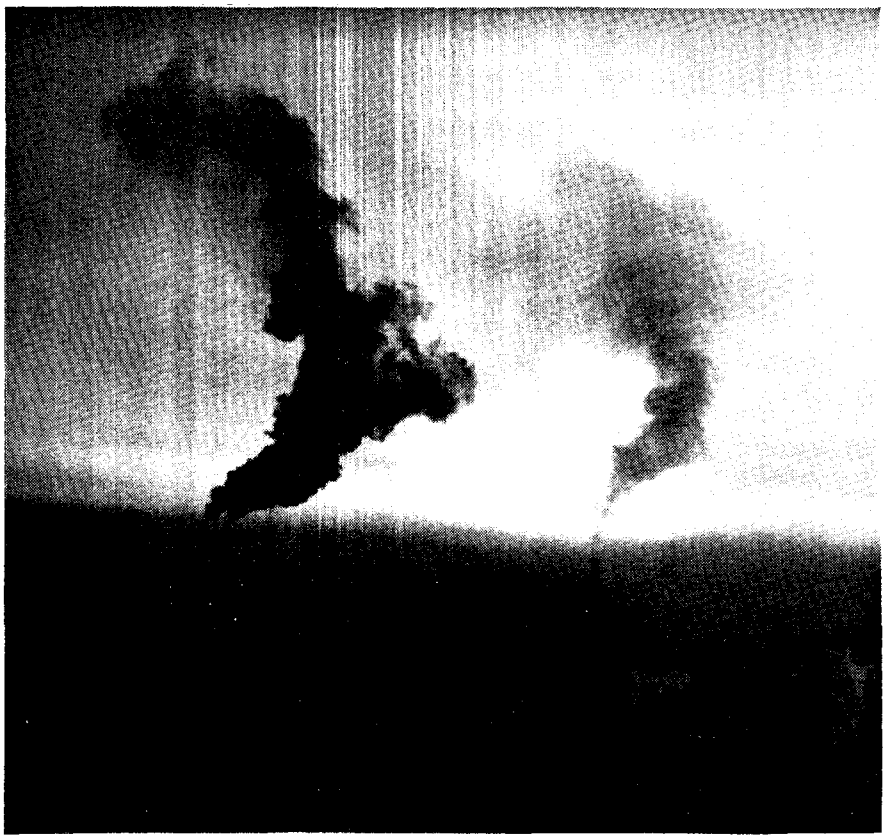
NEW YORK'S FIGHT AGAINST POLLUTION



—N.C.

Twentieth-century skyline: This photograph, taken in 1966, shows the black pall over New York City and some of its origins. Today, these Consolidated Edison smokestacks are under control.

by NORMAN COUSINS

Los Angeles is widely believed to have the most polluted air in the United States. In point of fact, New York City produces more pollution per square mile than Los Angeles. What saves New York is that it is open on all sides. Los Angeles is frequently deprived of the cleansing action of prevailing winds because much of the city is ringed by mountains. If New York had the same conditions of atmospheric stagnation as Los Angeles, the city would have had to be abandoned long ago as a death trap. But the big news today is that New York City is getting on top of its air pollution problem. Indeed, in the past two years no major city has made more substantial gains in improving the quality of its air.

How did New York City do it?

Three years ago, Mayor John V. Lindsay appointed a Task Force on Air Pollution. After six months of study, the Task Force handed the Mayor a grim report: New York City could become uninhabitable within seven to ten years, if the deterioration of the city's air were not halted.

The report was one of the first public documents to recognize the concept of and need for a fully interrelated attack on all the problems of environmental contamination—and, indeed, on all threats to the quality of life in New York.

Mayor Lindsay put his official stamp of acceptance on the report's recommendations, and the city government went to work on what was to become the most intensive attack of any American city on environmental poisoning.

A major new city department, the Environmental Protection Control Board, was created under Professor Merril Eisenbud of New York University, with Austin Heller, formerly of the U.S. Public Health Service, in direct charge of air pollution control. The board oversees and interrelates the work of all city departments concerned with environmental well-being.

The results to date are encouraging for anyone looking for hard evidence that it is possible to make significant progress in combating serious environmental deterioration. New York City's air today is far more breathable than it was three years ago. In 1969 the sulfur dioxide in the air was reduced by 820 million pounds, and dirt and soot by 40 million pounds, from what they were in 1966. Some particulars:

1) Sulfur dioxide, identified as a culprit in the increasing incidence of lung diseases, is one of the most noxious substances in New York City's air. During 1969 sulfur dioxide in the air was cut in half. A major factor in the inprovement was the plan of action worked out by the city with Consolidated Edison, the utility that supplies New York's gas and electricity. In the course of generating electrical energy for the city, Con Ed had dumped some 320,000 tons of sulfur dioxide into the air during 1966. Con Ed's first major step under the new program was to convert to low-sulfur fuels. It also increased sharply the production of electrical power from nuclear plants outside the city. With the energetic support of the city, Con Ed was able to obtain federal authorization for an additional twenty billion cubic feet of gas over its existing supply, thus greatly increasing its proportion of clean-burning fuel. Electrostatic dust and soot precipitators were installed on all Con Ed smokestacks over coal-burning furnaces. The combined result translated into a 20 per cent reduction of sulfur dioxide for the city as a whole.

2) Some 2,500 buildings were ordered to shut down their incinerators and have their refuse carted away. Compactors or other mechanical improvements were ordered for approximately 1,000 additional buildings. Operators of incinerators and boilers are now required to be certified. As a step towards certification, the city conducted classes to provide instruction in the latest methods of pollution control. Under this program, more than 7,000 operators were officially certified.

3) The government of New York City

The author of this article is chairman of the Mayor's Task Force on Air Pollution in New York City.

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was scored by the task force as a serious violator of its own laws. The furnaces for the city's hundreds of public buildings, schools, colleges, community centers, and housing projects had been in frequent violation. The city's incinerators laid down a grisly pall for miles around. For many thousands of New Yorkers, the city's buses epitomized the pollution problem; it was virtually impossible for a citizen to cross a street without getting a snootful of black exhaust at point-blank range.

Commissioner Heller made no exceptions, declaring he wouldn't hesitate to issue summonses for officials, if they persisted in violating the city's own laws. All city buildings were converted to low-sulfur fuels. Three major city incinerators were shut down altogether. And most welcome of all to New Yorkers was the taming of the rear ends of the city's buses. Ninety per cent of the city's buses were equipped with smoke-reducing injectors. The remaining buses will be replaced before long with new vehicles. High-quality fuels are now being used in all buses and, in fact, in all city-owned vehicles. Moreover, buses have now been brought under a computerized maintenance program.

4) The Department of Air Resources set up thirty-eight monitoring stations —twenty-eight manual, ten telemetered —which form an aerometric grid system that feeds into a computer bank data covering an area of 320 square miles. This alert-warning grid is highly sensitive to possible emergency situations.

5) Enforcement machinery was tightened up, with the result that three and a half times as many violation notices and three times as many summonses were served as there had been in 1965. Collection of fines for air pollution offenses rose by 100 per cent.

6) A major source of air pollution came from the burning of demolition refuse just offshore on barges operated by private firms. Commissioner Heller banned such burning within a twelve-mile offshore limit. Some private firms carry on operations outside the limit; others may utilize this waste lumber in the manufacture of wood products.

7) In three years, the Department of Air Resources doubled its staff from 150 to 300 persons. The city is now spending three times as much for air pollution control as it did in 1966—$4.1-million. Federal aid jumped 450 per cent in the 1965-68 period—from $0.19- to $0.86-million.

Despite the foregoing items of progress important problems remain. The most visible of these problems, of course, goes by the name of garbage. On many streets, garbage cans are filled to overflowing; pickups lack regularity. No city in this world has a sanitation department with more employees—nor is it likely that any group of city employees is more powerfully organized. Mayor Lindsay has given the highest priority to cleaning up the streets. It is quite possible that the kind of funds required both to cart away and dispose of the waste with efficiency and regularity would dwarf all other items on his budget. In any event, the Mayor recognizes that, whatever the nature of his other achievements, his administration may be judged on its record in the field of waste disposal.

In terms of air pollution, however, the automobile in New York City is an even greater long-range environmental threat than is its public sanitation. Indeed, the combustion engine's exhaust pipe has replaced the smokestack as the main villain of air pollution.

During 1969, the automobile population in the United States exceeded one hundred million cars for the first time. Of that total, some two million operate in New York City, more than half of them in Manhattan. This is twice as many as the area should be expected to sustain, taking into account the narrowness of the city's streets. It is important to bear in mind that the present congestion in New York City is superimposed upon a basic physical design that took shape in the age of horse-drawn vehicles, and that was meant to accommodate a population about 10 per cent of what it is now.

Federal legislation requiring anti-pollution equipment on new cars has been ineffective. The reasons:

Federal regulations have not applied to older cars, which account for a large part of automobile-produced pollution.

Federal regulations do not require new cars to keep their anti-pollution equipment in good repair. As a car gets older, its worn valves and rings produce more noxious spew.

A good way to cut down on dangerous hydrocarbons in the air is to cut down on horsepower. Yet Detroit, in response to public demand, continues to glamorize and sell engines far more powerful than are functionally necessary or consistent with individual and public safety.

New York City's authority over automobiles is minimal. The city now has before it a recommendation from its task force requiring all gasoline sold within city limits to contain chemical additives for improving combustion and thus cutting down on noxious exhaust. Such chemical additives have been successfully tested and are now available. This measure will reduce but will not solve the problem.

The electric automobile has been widely hailed as the definitive answer to the combustion engine. The trouble

The War Against Runaway Decibels

AN OUTGROWTH of the New York City Task Force on Air Pollution was the Task Force on Noise Control under Neil H. Anderson, executive vice president of the New York Board of Trade. Mr. Anderson's committee completed its report two months ago and sent the Mayor a comprehensive set of recommendations for a quieter city.

Even in the course of making his study, Anderson was able to effect important improvements in the city's machinery for combating runaway decibel situations. Noise control, thanks to Anderson, became an integral part of the work of the Environmental Protection Administration. Anderson obtained an agreement from General Motors to incorporate a series of noise-killing features in the manufacture of new sanitation trucks. GM made the benefits of its research into quieter sanitation trucks available to other truck manufacturers. Similarly, the task force involved itself in questions concerning the manufacture of construction equipment that had such respect for the human eardrum. Virtually every cause of assault by decibels in New York City was identified by Anderson, and specific suggestions were made for correction. The required authority and the indicated countermeasures were defined in each case. Not the least remarkable feature of the report was the report of the medical subcommittee, which eliminated all speculation concerning the psychological and physiological damage caused by harsh sounds. (The full published report of the Anderson Committee may be obtained from the New York Board of Trade, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, at $1.75 per copy.)

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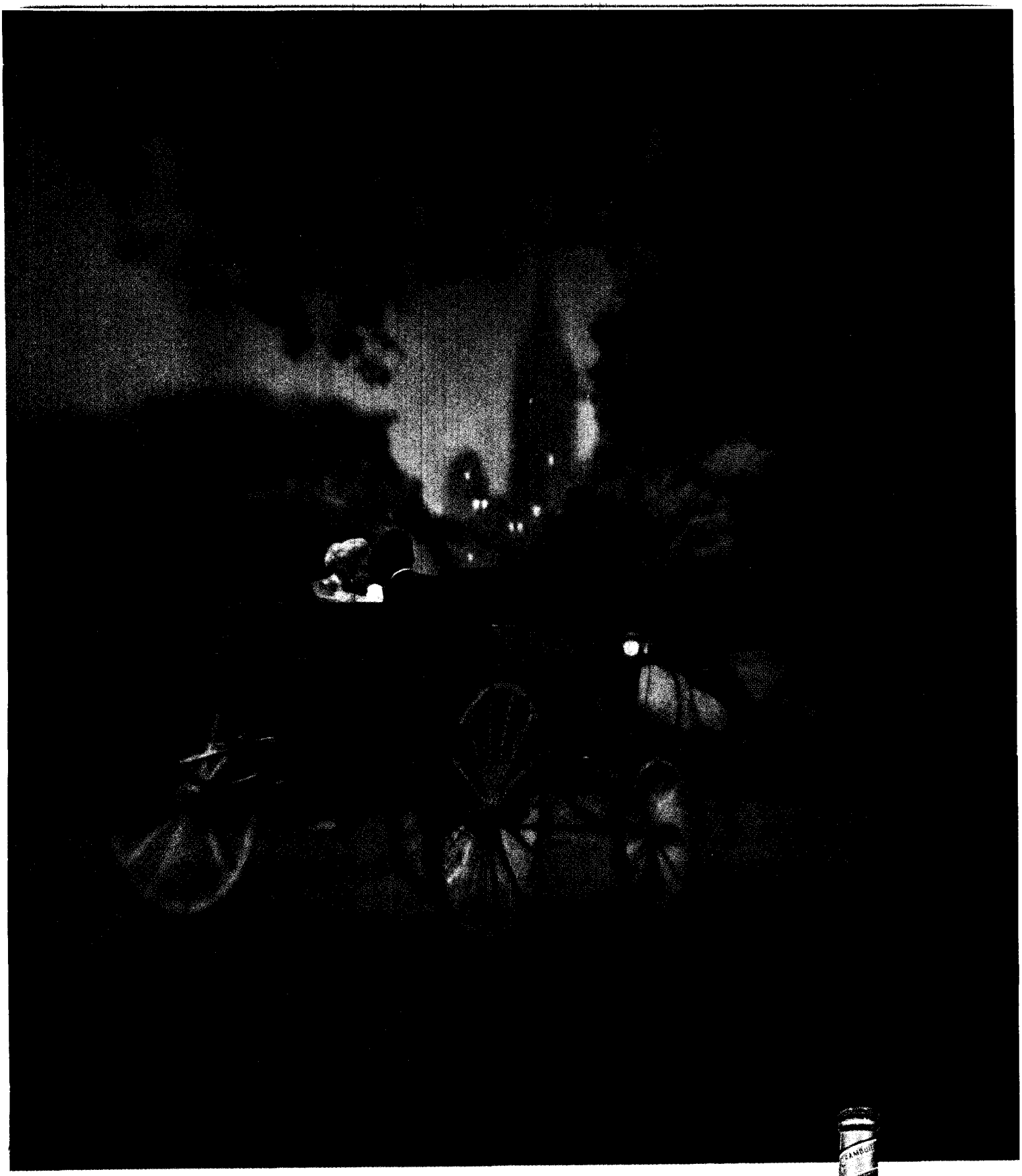

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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We get picked up by some of the nicest girls.

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with this notion is that the electric car is an impractical stopgap. It is not true that electric cars are totally without pollution effect. Batteries have to be recharged. This means that the basic energy has to be supplied by power-generating stations—already badly overtaxed and a prime source of air pollution. True, it is much easier to cope with a few smokestacks than with hundreds of thousands of tailpipes, especially when the smokestacks are equipped with control devices. But in a city such as New York, which has already experienced a serious breakdown in its power supply because of overloading, the wholesale use of electric automobiles would create a whole new order of problems.

A second basic fact about electric cars is that they do not mix safely in traffic with the present automobiles. Electric cars are more lumbering and slower to respond than combustion-powered automobiles. Any person behind the wheel in one of the available experimental electric cars in a New York street would feel like a bike rider in a crowded and tempestuous motorcycle race.

The definitive answer to the combustion engine for New York—and for the country as a whole—may have to await the development of a fuel cell engine. Such an engine would provide all the range and sureness of response of the combustion engine without the penalties of exhaust poisons. The fact that the federal government has not put at least as much money into fuel cell research as it did into developing nuclear energy is a grim reflection of the government's inability to fashion a strategy to meet the threat of environmental poisoning. President Nixon has spoken of the need to put $10-billion into an anti-pollution war. He has said nothing, however, about earmarking a substantial amount for fuel cell research. No scientific development of our time—not even nuclear energy—is as essential as a pollution-free automobile engine. Pratt and Whitney, the aviation engine manufacturer, has been working on a fuel cell and has developed a prototype. They are still in the early stage of their research, but their work has come far enough to indicate that the federal government should undertake fuel cell research on a scale comparable with that of the Manhattan Project.

It is a tragic error, however, to believe that everything must stand still until a fuel cell engine arrives. As stated earlier, chemical additives can reduce poisonous emissions. Lead, a highly noxious constituent of high-octane gasoline, can be eliminated. At least one gasoline manufacturer manages to produce lead-free gasoline. True, existing high-compression automobile engines sometimes make knocking sounds with lead-free gasolines; but this is of far less consequence than the need to reduce dangerous emissions. General Motors has announced it intends to develop engines that are compatible with lead-free gasoline. Reduction of horsepower is another important step in combating exhaust. Here the conclusion is inescapable that the problem lies not just with Detroit but with the American people themselves. So long as millions of Americans associate high horsepower with status and personal potency, it may be difficult to sell cars with reduced but adequate capabilities.

—*N.Y. "Daily News."*

Jerome Kretchmer with Mayor Lindsay (left) and Dr. Merril E. Eisenbud—"getting on top of the air pollution problem."

The first law of ecology, as Professor Barry Commoner has often pointed out, is that everything is connected to everything else. This is especially true of the connection among automobiles, highways, planes, and airports—in New York City—or anywhere else. The Long Island Expressway, the main automobile artery to John F. Kennedy Airport, is grossly inadequate for its volume of traffic. The resultant congestion makes the expressway one of the most heavily polluted thoroughfares in the world. The absence of high-speed mass transportation to New York's major airports carries a grim pollution penalty not just for users of the road but for the entire city.

The same lack of vision that characterized the planning of the so-called expressways is even more apparent in the basic design and planning of airports. One might expect that men who are professional planners and engineers in the field of flight would be the last to underestimate the velocity of aviation's growth. Yet they have repeatedly demonstrated an astounding incompetence; each time they have designed an expansion for John F. Kennedy, the facility was obsolete even before it was completed. (The same can be said of O'Hare Airport in Chicago and most other major airports.)

Inadequacy of runways, approaches, terminal buildings, loading gates, maintenance facilities—like the roads leading to the airports—has created substantial pollution problems. Jets spew out large quantities of hydrocarbons, whether they have to hover over New York City and vicinity waiting for their turn to land or are lined up on the tarmac awaiting tower clearance for takeoff. It has been estimated that a four-engine jet at full takeoff throttle produces the per-minute equivalent pollution of 6,000 automobiles.

At LaGuardia Airport and Kennedy Airport, planes with their jet engines spewing out hydrocarbons are lined up, sometimes fifteen or twenty of them, on the approaches waiting for takeoff clearance. It is not unusual to see runway delays of an hour or more. The health hazard from jet exhaust to passengers and to airplane personnel is by no means minor. The ventilating system in each plane sucks in the air from the jets ahead. The hydrocarbons enter the human respiratory system, where they irritate and inflame sensitive tissue. Some people are more vulnerable than others to this type of lung irritant, especially those who have histories of asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, emphysema, and arthritis. The pilots manage to reduce the intake of hydrocarbons by angling the nose of their planes away from the full blast of the engines ahead. This helps, but it doesn't meet the main problem, which is that the air at the airports, and especially in the vicinity of the runways, is being saturated by poisons. The entire area of Kennedy Airport, in fact, is

(*Continued on page 62*)

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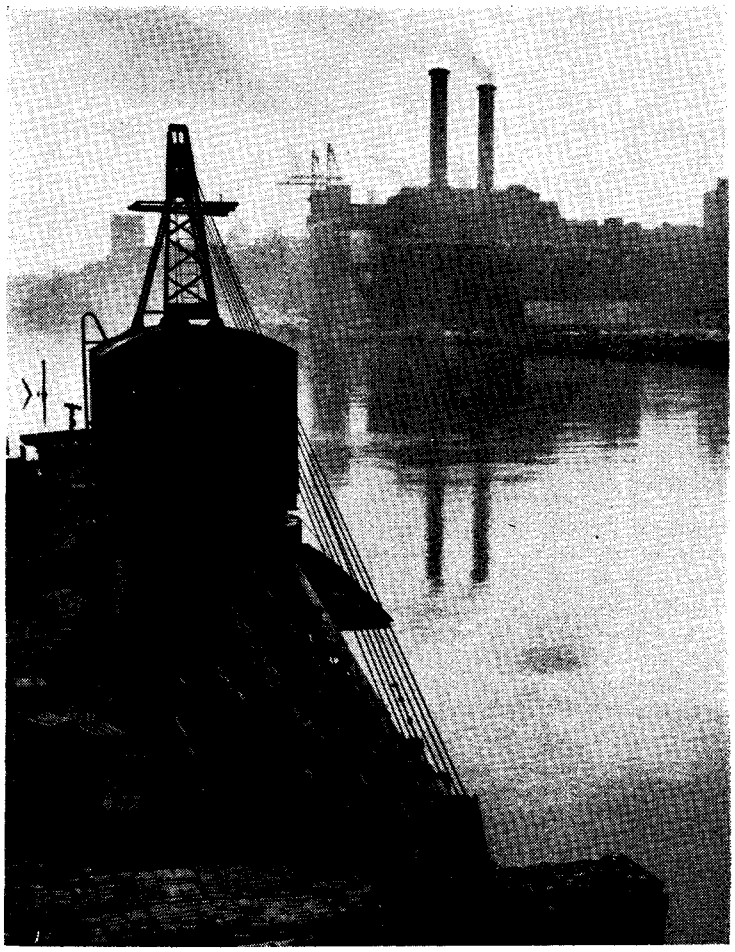
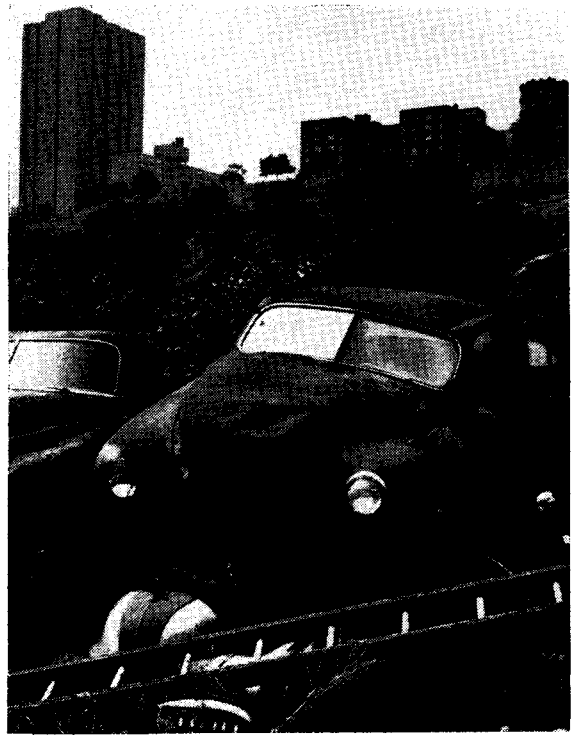
URBAN MEADOWS

Photos by Arthur Tress.





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URBAN open spaces seem to exist only above, below, or between the trash, pollution, and wreckage that increasingly characterize our cities. In his search for open spaces, Arthur Tress, a documentary photographer interested in making visual man's relationship to his environment, found instead mountains of junk, caves of filthy concrete, meadows of rusting automobiles. How long, Mr. Tress's pensive young man seems to ask, before it all completely swallows us up?

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The Enemy Is Us

by JOHN LEAR

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"We have met the enemy and he is us."

Pogo, the comic strip hero of Okefenokee Swamp, originally uttered those immortal words in the pages of the Washington *Post* in another connection. But so much of official Washington is more or less swampy that it is not surprising to hear his historic phrase echoing today within the new White House Council on Environmental Quality.

The person who quoted the words to me did so in an off-the-record conversation. Therefore, I cannot document my source precisely. However, I can report with the utmost assurance that the three council members—conservation-oriented lawyer Russell Errol Train, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Robert Cahn, and geophysicist Gordon J. F. MacDonald—are approaching their collective job with a clear-headed realism seldom found nowadays in the federal (or any other) bureaucracy.

The three councilors have begun by accepting cosmologist S. Fred Singer's one-word definition of the central problem of the environment: *popullution*. Slightly amplified, the definition says that where too many people are there will be too much waste. Messrs. Train, Cahn, and MacDonald take it for granted that most Americans are not yet emotionally prepared to cut the reproductive growth rate back to zero, where it ought to be. The only workable alternative is to shape and fit to the nature of the countryside whatever population growth must be dealt with, discouraging further crowding of the cities (the recently instituted movement toward a "lesser Los Angeles" is a case in point) and encouraging the overflow to live closer to the still unpolluted land and enjoy its unspoiled beauty.

This sharp reversal of past and present practice will require, for example, control of road building so that people may be carried where they need to go without destroying their reason for going. At the heart of any such highway planning system must be a device for determining the economic price of environmental preservation and an equation that will allow that price to be weighed in cost-per-mile estimates of road construction. In short, we must discover how to assign quantifying symbols to the undulation of a hillside, the glory of a tree.

In questions such as this there are quite deep-seated reasons for comparing the new Council on Environmental Quality with the well-established White House Council of Economic Advisors, which, in the last decade or so, has earned profound respect for its influence on national—not to mention international—affairs. Considering the breadth and depth of the environmental council's assignment (President Nixon in his special message to the Congress on February 10 enumerated seven specific responsibilities he expects the council to fulfill), the operating priorities are upside down. Council Chairman Train and his two colleagues will have $300,000 to spend during the remainder of the current fiscal year, $700,000 during the full year to follow, and $1-million during the year after that. The Council of Economic Advisors is budgeted at just over $2-million a year.

Imaginative minds are hard to come by at any time, and a new President groping his way through a morass that has been deepening for almost 200 years has less glowing prospects to offer than have many of his competitors in the market for brains. This may explain why the Council on Environmental Quality is slated for a maximum staff of fifteen professionals while the Council of Economic Advisors has twenty-seven. Whatever circumstances may justify it, the discrepancy is disconcerting, especially in these opening months of the Council on Environmental Quality's life when it must by law prepare and publish the first annual report on the environment.

The report is due July 1. It is supposed to forecast trends and to suggest remedies for deficiencies. How the report can possibly do so when bench marks for comparison don't yet exist is a nightmare that is already causing some sleeplessness among the councilors, who count on advance public knowledge of the dilemma to forestall precipitation of a crisis in confidence.

President Nixon has called the council "the keeper of our environmental conscience," a goad for the body politic, and a fount of ingenuity. These characterizations uniquely fit individual members of the council.

First the public conscience. On the assumption that it must express itself publicly, the council's conscience-keeper is Robert Cahn. At fifty-two, he is the "old man" of the triumvirate. He has taken leave of absence from a not too richly paying job as correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* to accept the $38,000-a-year council appointment. Cahn has been a *Monitor* staffer in Washington for the last five years. He was covering the Interior Department among other places when *Monitor* Editor Dewitt John three years ago suggested a study of public use of the national parks. Cahn spent twelve months on the assignment, traveled 20,000 miles, wrote a series of sixteen articles, and topped them off with a barrage of questions to *Monitor* readers. Tabulation of the 2,500 answers gave the National Park Service its first reliable sample of opinion on what park visitors would accept in order to save the parks from being buried in litter. For this heroic job Robert Cahn received a Pulitzer Prize in 1969.

Even before that recognition came,

—*Wide World.*

President Nixon with Russell Train (left) and (right) Gordon J. F. MacDonald and Robert Cahn.

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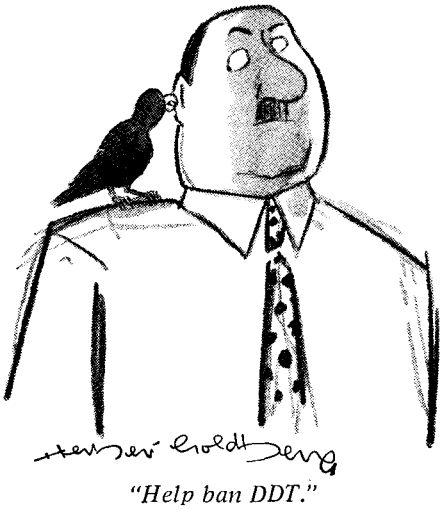
Cahn had persuaded John that the environment should be Cahn's permanent beat. Cahn was making the rounds of it last Christmas Eve when he heard a beckoning voice from the White House. His initial reaction to the proffered seat on the Council on Environmental Quality was that it would suck him in over his head. He was advised to reread the text of the law that Congressman John D. Dingell and Senator Henry M. Jackson had written to bring the council into being. He finished the chore convinced that the requirements for council membership were the same ones he had to meet every day as a news correspondent. Cahn also knew something that most people don't know about John Ehrlichman, Nixon's chief lieutenant for disposition of domestic problems: Ehrlichman's former Seattle practice in land law as an instrument of conservation. Cahn asked Ehrlichman how serious the President's interest in the environment was and got a reply that left no escape from acceptance of the White House appointment.

The *Monitor*'s most famous columnist, Roscoe Drummond, considered the news worthy of some personal comment. Cahn, he wrote, had on occasion driven misleading politicians "into a corner and partly up the wall with persistent and probing questions. . . . He is the kind of reporter who is unintimidated by officialdom. He knows government; he knows the pollution problems by covering them on the spot nearly everywhere; and he isn't one lightly to take no for an answer." Cahn's appointment by the President, Drummond concluded, "to me underlines that the administration means business."

Public conscience-keeping is quite beyond the talents of the shy council chairman, Russell Train. His training in the law doesn't help him to distinguish between distasteful leaking of information and legitimate background briefing of the press. Consequently, he is mum when plain talk would help his cause. But his low-key devotion to his beliefs does make him a positive goad to the body politic behind the scenes.

Train was literally chased into the conservation movement by a rhinoceros. He was in Africa at the time, on safari, enjoying a respite from the duties of U.S. Tax Court judge. Why he sympathized with the rhinoceros isn't clear from any account of the incident. But the consequences are undeniable. He set up the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation to train African natives in wildlife resource management. Later he quit the tax court to take the presidency of the nonprofit Conservation Foundation, and after that he became head of the environmental task force President Nixon named on the day after his election to the White House. Train served an unhappy period as Undersecretary to Secretary of Interior Walter S. Hickel before being appointed, at the age of forty-nine, to the $45,000-a-year council chairmanship. He is the council's only Republican.

When the President speaks of the council as a fount of ingenuity, he undoubtedly has in mind its third member, forty-year-old Gordon J. F. MacDonald, vice chancellor for research and graduate affairs at the University of California, Santa Barbara. MacDonald, a geophysicist with great intellectual scope, has been involved in earthquake prediction and weather-modification studies, among other things. He has just finished a term on the President's Science Advisory Committee and is thus privy to the intricate network of consultantships and research contract arrangements through which the President can bring scientific inventiveness to bear on interlocking problems. As a PSAC veteran, MacDonald is familiar with the thinking and administrative habits of Presidential Science Adviser Lee DuBridge. As a member of the prestigious National Academy of Sciences, wherein he is the loudest voice of youth, MacDonald co-chaired (with Princeton physics professor Marvin Goldberger) the environmental study group of the joint NAS-National Academy of Engineering Environmental Studies Board, which last January issued a report that ought to be in every library and schoolroom in the country. Those who want to get to the bottom of environmental realities quickly should ask for it by title: *Institutions for the Effective Management of the Environment*. The report recommends an environment-monitoring system, a National Environmental Science Laboratory to analyze what the monitors disclose, a Board of Environmental Affairs (this before passage of the law creating the Council on Environmental Quality) to act on the laboratory analyses, an annual report on the state of the environment, and annual Congressional hearings to harvest dissenting opinion and keep the people advised.



"Help ban DDT."

Maine's Democratic Senator Edmund S. Muskie has taken the NAS-NAE panel findings to heart. He is not satisfied that the Council on Environmental Quality, even when weighted by MacDonald's presence, will have enough muscle to do the job contemplated for the proposed Board of Environmental Affairs. Muskie, therefore, has been pushing for a White House Office of Environmental Quality. President Nixon has been holding back, and a compromise is being attempted. Muskie will be supported by the White House if he agrees that the Office of Environmental Affairs should be headed by environmental council Chairman Train and should give day-to-day operational support to the council.

Such an arrangement would complete a pattern that seems pleasing to councilors Train, Cahn, and MacDonald. It would fit the present organizational scheme, in which Train serves as executive secretary of Nixon's Cabinet Committee on the Environment (the President's recent substitute for his old Environmental Quality Council, which included the President, the Vice President, and six Cabinet officers and was staffed by a single ecologist in the White House Office of Science and Technology) and also has a liaison function with the JFK-LBJ Citizens Advisory Committee on Environmental Quality, chaired by conservation-minded philanthropist Laurance Rockefeller, grandson of the first John D.

One thing is certain. If it is to clean up the mess that has been made of the environment, the Council on Environmental Quality has neither time nor space for petty partisan bickering. Put aside the storm that is coming on the supersonic transport. Consider only the Herculean dimensions of four of the seven responsibilities set forth in the Presidential message of February 10: invention of an unconventional automobile that will avoid the internal combustion engine and emit no components of smog; formulation of a bounty system that will incorporate junking cost into the purchase price of new autos; development of methods for purchasing additional parklands; and provision of meaningful response to citizens who ask, "What can I do to help?" The toughest of these four assignments is the last one, for all that most people will have to offer is a willingness to pay the bill through higher taxes and higher prices for cleanly made necessities of life. This is the ultimate penalty implied by Pogo's declaration that "the enemy . . . is us."

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Earth Watch

The Ban on DDT

THE U.S. Environmental Health Service has calculated that the average American has accumulated in his fatty tissues about twelve parts per million of DDT. Although concentrations of DDT were discovered in cows' milk as long ago as 1949, it has taken twenty years for the federal government to decide that the pesticide is deadly and should be banned. Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring*, the tracing of DDT thousands of miles from its source to Antarctic penguins, and the alarming decline of certain species of birds and fish traceable to DDT have all had their part in influencing the government's decision, last December, to halt the use of DDT in residential areas in the United States. By joint decision of the Secretaries of Agriculture, Interior, and Health, Education and Welfare, virtually all other uses of DDT will be stopped by the end of 1970. This month, furthermore, the White House promises action against other persistent chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides (aldrin, chlordane, dieldrin, endrin, heptachlor, lindane, and toxaphene).

Sentiment for a world-wide ban on DDT has grown in recent years, but the World Health and Food and Agriculture organizations have cautioned against a global prohibition, fearing that the higher cost of acceptable substitutes will interfere with malaria-control and crop-production programs. DDT has been banned in Denmark, Sweden, and Hungary. Its use has been severely curbed in Britain and Canada. Britain and the Soviet Union are considering a complete ban on all organochlorides. Russia has a head start, having never permitted the use of aldrin and dieldrin.

Some of the broad-spectrum substitutes for DDT are nearly as problematical as DDT. The organophosphates, while less persistent, are more deadly; two drops of parathion can kill a human being. The mercury compounds are so lethal they have already been outlawed in Sweden. Various conservation agencies in the United States have proposed the following substitutes for DDT and the organochlorides: methoxychlor, rotenone, pyrethrin, malathion, cygon, naled, or dibrom.

Smog Death for Pine Trees

SMOG, which has already virtually eliminated flowers, lettuce, and spinach as healthy crops in the Los Angeles Basin, and has cut citrus yields in half, is now killing off pine trees. In an effort to combat this last desolation, the federal government is at work developing a smog-resistant strain of conifers. This approach could be equated to research under way at Pennsylvania State University to discover a fish hardy enough to survive in "slightly polluted" water.

France's Expected "Black Paper"

FRANCE HAS BEGUN a national campaign to combat pollution of all kinds, including noise pollution. In Paris, a city of horn-tooters, there is even talk of equipping the gendarmes with decibel counters. Late last year, Prime Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas asked Louis Armand, engineer, inventor, business executive, and nationally known French savant, to prepare a special report on pollution. Due this month, the report, a kind of "black paper" on all the nuisances and hazards besetting the country, may contain "a hundred propositions to protect man's environment." M. Armand, in a recent interview with *France-Soir*, said, "Our recommendations will cover two types of measures to be taken: first of all, to protect our national heritage—our forests, our mountains, our rivers, and our lakes, our parks and virginal and unspoiled areas and places; and also to humanize urbanization by making our cities livable—for example, apartment and other buildings must be completely soundproofed." Armand is expected to pay particular attention to noise abatement, and the Paris police, along with their decibel instruments, may be carrying extra thick ticket pads to levy fines.

Setting Military Standards

WHEN CONGRESS this month considers the annual construction budget of the United States Military Academy at West Point, it may be taking one more step in the purification of the Hudson River. Included in the budget is a $3.1-million sewage treatment plant that, when completed sometime in 1972, could be sending water into the Hudson that is purer than the water already there.

The present facility, built in 1956, was a significant improvement over previously existing conditions when the Academy simply poured thousands of gallons of raw sewage into the river daily. Even this facility, however, failed to meet federal and state standards on pollution, and the Northeast Region of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration classifies West

Point as a polluter of the Hudson. West Point officials are confident that the new plant facilities will be approved and funded in line with President Nixon's recent executive order requiring federal installations to comply within three years with local air and water pollution regulations.

India's Family Planning

INDIA, with the most urgent population problem of any country, has successfully introduced a number of family-planning services, according to a recent report by a team of United Nations experts. These services have resulted in a "measurable moderation" of fertility, and in the long run should effect a reduction in the population growth rate. The team found that since 1965, the date of the last survey, more than seven million Indian couples have adopted birth control techniques based on an intra-uterine device, or on sterilization, which is sometimes suggested for couples with more than two children.

Enforcing Jet Smoke Standards

THE NATION'S major airlines have voluntarily agreed to meet a three-year deadline for eliminating most of the smoke pollution from jet aircraft, but Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine believes this is not good enough. He is sponsoring a bill that would give the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare authority to set emission standards for aircraft. The Air Transport Association and the Federal Aviation Administration maintain that aircraft cause only 1 per cent of the country's air pollution. However, Senator Muskie, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, points out that the 1 per cent level is meaningless when applied to the vicinity of airports, where it accounts for 80 per cent or more of the pollution over considerable areas. In metropolitan New York, for example, planes dump one-and-a-half tons of pollutants a day. [See "New York City's Fight Against Pollution," page 53.] Los Angeles gets almost one ton. Washington gets 1,200 pounds. Perhaps equally serious is the fact that jet exhausts at high altitudes are having a detrimental effect on weather patterns.

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Environment Bookshelf

For years it was called conservation, and, except for a few wilderness nuts, who cared? Books on the subject stressed the enjoyment of wildlife and told how to put out the campfire and what to wear on hikes. They treated nature as a refuge for man, not from him. And while the fishing might be lousy, the reading was fine.

All this has changed. The word today is ecology, and the news is bad: When you have to make a science out of conservation you're in trouble. But you're also on the way to solving the trouble, not only because the experts have put their expertise to work but because amateurs are beginning to pay attention.

Our present concern with the rape of nature began in earnest seven years ago with Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, which warned us that the pesticides being injected into the environment for our good were actually bad. At that time Miss Carson was quite literally a voice crying in the wilderness. Today we see how justified was her concern, and anyone who would like to know what is being done—or, rather, what is not being done—to save our ravished earth should read Frank Graham, Jr.'s recently published *Since Silent Spring*.

While few writers have Miss Carson's gift for making best sellers out of their love affairs with nature, publishers have "discovered" the environment in a big way, expediently, perhaps, but usefully none the less. With both Johnny Carson and Arthur Godfrey plugging for control of the three Ps (population, pollution, and pesticides), the message has gotten across to millions. Dr. Paul Ehrlich, author of *The Population Bomb*, rushes from campus to campus, and from TV interview to radio panel, espousing the cause, while his book sells a steady 250,000 paperback copies a month. All over the country, bookstores are setting up "survival sections" containing material on ecology.

Ballantine Books has emerged as the leading paperback publisher on the subject, with titles embracing the sea, the land, and the air. Its *Environmental Handbook* was custom-made for "Earth Day," the April 22 environmental teach-in, which is expected to involve 1,000 colleges and hundreds of local communities throughout the country. In addition to articles on every phase of pollution, the book includes a section on "ecotactics" or what to do about it. The handbook was printed in just one week, and salesmen calling on wholesalers are admonished not to smoke in the customers' presence.

Ecotactics is a new word, but the movement dates back to such wilderness preservers as John Muir, who founded the Sierra Club in 1892. Today the club's members are probably the most active ecotacticians in the country. They lobby for legislation to fend off the environmental predators and, more visibly, support the club's publishing program, which began its series of large-format "Exhibit" books under David Brower's direction in 1960. These volumes, originally expensive (up to $25) pictorial showpieces, have since become ancillary propaganda texts in the cause of conservation. Many have been reissued as Ballantine paperbacks for the mass market.

An intense, dedicated, and, some say, abrasive man, Brower parted company with the Sierra Club last year, following a dispute with its board of directors over the extent to which the organization, which had been run largely by amateurs, should professionalize itself. Opting for professionalism and big budgets in preference to hiking expeditions, Brower has set up a competing group, based in San Francisco, that calls itself Friends of the Earth, or FOE. It maintains a Washington lobby, the League of Conservation Voters, as well as a New York headquarters for its evangelical work along the Eastern Seaboard. FOE's publishing program will be coordinated with its political activities. When the Sierra Club dropped its plans for a series of books on "The Earth's Wild Places," Brower quickly picked up the ball—it was he who had laid the plans for the project five years before.

An exhibit-format volume on Maui, another on Micronesia, Alan Gussow's *A Sense of Place* (derived from an exhibit Mr. Gussow assembled for the Smithsonian Institution), and Brower's own *This Fragile Craft* are all scheduled for 1970 publication as part of a twelve-volume series projected by the McCall Publishing Company, to be released over the next three years. Brower hopes eventually to see "125 books covering most of the world's countries" in the program. "The earth is running out of diversity," he says. "We want to preserve this, because we're not going to be around here unless it is."

The Sierra Club, meanwhile, with John Mitchell as editorial director, is continuing its own plans for environmental publishing. *Ecotactics*, co-published with Pocket Books, is aimed at the activist market, especially the young (the average age of the contributors to the volume is twenty-nine). Other Sierra projects will place more emphasis on text than photographs and stress specific problems (the power industry, for example) rather than scenic beauty.

If environmental control fails, it will not be for lack of information. We can literally read our way to a solution, although perhaps not to the will for a solution. Ironically, a good many thousands of trees will have to be cut down to get the message across. You "trade off" in this business. If the program is successful, the wood pulp will have been well sacrificed.

Following is a selected list of recent and forthcoming books on ecology and conservation that should prove useful in the campaign:

AMERICA'S CHANGING ENVIRONMENT. Edited by Roger Reveille and H. H. Landsberg. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95 (tent. April).

BEFORE NATURE DIES. By Jean Dorst. Houghton Mifflin. $8.95 (June).

CONSERVATION: MAINTAINING THE NATURAL BALANCE. By Joyce Jaffee. Natural History Press/Doubleday. $6.95 (April).

CONSERVATION: NOW OR NEVER. By Nicholas Roosevelt. Dodd, Mead. $5.95 (March).

NATURE'S NETWORK. By Keith Reid. Natural History Press/Doubleday. $6.95 (April).

OUR PRECARIOUS HABITAT. By Melvin A. Bernarde. Norton. $6.95 (March).

SINCE SILENT SPRING. By Frank Graham, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95 (February).

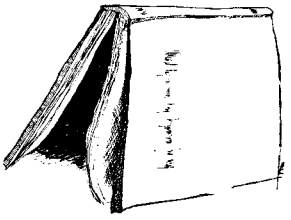
TERRACIDE—AMERICA'S DESTRUCTION OF HER LIVING ENVIRONMENT. By Ron Linton. Little, Brown. $7.95 (April).

THE CONSERVATION FRAUD. By Charles Zurhorst. Cowles. $4.95 (March).

THE ENVIRONMENTAL REVOLUTION. By Max Michelson. McGraw-Hill. $10 (May).

NOTE: The Scientists Institute for Public Information, organized some years ago to carry out technical studies on specific environmental problems, is now publishing brief handbooks for use in schools and by action groups. Eight titles are in production and more are planned. Additional information from the Institute, 30 East 68th Street, New York, New York.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.



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N.Y.C.'s Fight

Continued from page 55

one of the most heavily polluted localities in the nation.

It seems reasonable to suggest that the planes should remain at their gates—with their engines off—until a few minutes before actual takeoff time. Obviously, it is necessary to have two or three planes in close proximity to the runway in order to facilitate rapid movement of traffic. But the notion that a dozen or more planes have to queue up near the runways with their jet engines producing a poisonous spew is irresponsible and incompetent. The New York City Task Force on Air Pollution has recommended that the city ask federal authorities to direct the airlines and control authorities to employ a more sensible system on takeoffs, in order to avoid excessive jet exhaust.

Meanwhile, the city can only hope that the projected pollution-reducing engine changes, expensive though they may be, will be speeded up. Also, as in the case of automobile gasoline, chemical additives can have a significant effect in reducing jet-fuel pollution.

New York City's battle against pollution is ultimately and inevitably tied to the fact that air pollution is not just a municipal but a regional, national, even international problem. Local efforts can be offset by intrusion of noxious air from outside areas. A

successful fight against air pollution must extend from New York through Albany and Washington to the United Nations.

It would be unrealistic and unfair to expect the city of New York to create a situation of splendid isolation for itself. The federal government has a primary obligation not just to set standards but to move mightily to conserve the air resources of the nation. President Nixon has not hesitated to use figures in the billions to describe the scale of effort required by the federal government. Meanwhile, however, municipalities and states are having a difficult time prying much smaller amounts from Washington. At what point funds will actually be available has not yet been disclosed.

Both Merril Eisenbud and Austin Heller are leaving their jobs despite their strong records of achievement. Dr. Eisenbud had agreed to serve for only two years and is returning to his post at New York University. Austin Heller has just accepted an appointment as chief of anti-pollution agencies for the state of Delaware. New York's new Environmental Control Administrator is Jerome Kretchmer, a thirty-six-year-old state Assemblyman, who is very much in the Mayor Lindsay style—young, intellectually versatile, politically sophisticated, adroit, questioning, questing. Kretchmer understands and in a strong sense reflects the energetic concern of youth with the problem of environmental deterioration. He is expected very shortly to appoint a successor to Austin Heller as chief of the City Air Resources Protection Administration. He is now putting together a team of hard-hitting scientists to finish the job so ably begun by his predecessors. New York, for anyone looking for evidence that the black tide of pollution can be arrested, will be worth watching in the months ahead.

WIT TWISTER #154

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This rural man, made ill by urban strife,

In hopes that he can lead a _ _ _ _ _ life,

Escapes the _ _ _ _ _ of traffic. By the smell
Of country air his _ _ _ _ _ know so well

And sight of duck and _ _ _ _ _ floating past,

He senses that he _ _ _ _ _ his home at last.

—ELIZABETH DOUGHTY,
Winnetka, Ill.

(*Answer on page 66*)

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

(Some obvious titles and title elements are omitted here.) 1 j, *Ovid*al, *Breckenridge*. 2e, *Shaw*thorne, *Profession, Scarlet Letter*. 3f, Cat*hersey*. 4h, Kaf*kan*tor. 5i, Whit*mann*, *When Lilacs Last, Magic Mountain*. 6d, Maug*ham*sun, *Of Human Bondage, Hunger*. 7b, Bac*on*rad, *Heart of Darkness*. 8c, Verg*il*bert, *Aeneid, Mikado*. 9a, Chau*cer*vantes. 10 g, Irv*inge Sleepy Hollow*.

Politics of Ecology

Continued from page 52

television spread them to all, in one sense. Even great "living" theaters and symphonies are possible in very small cities. Vienna was relatively small when it reached its musical apex. Our greatest cultural traditions have been produced in very small cities. Seventeenth-century London abounded with genius; by modern standards it was but a mini-town. Ancient Athens was even smaller, and Plato and Aristotle thought it far too large at that. There is no reason why the same thing cannot be done again. At least, failure would not be due to smallness. All we really need is to decide to produce the cultural conditions necessary to elicit similarly high achievements. Gross size, far from a prerequisite, is an insuperable hindrance.

To answer such questions and to implement the answers will be one of the chief tasks of the politics of the future. We've never asked these questions of politics in the past. But, today, we can have everything that is really valuable about our large cities, and at the same time avoid the disagreeable and expensive side effects due to size. These are ecological questions, and, even though we may be able to answer them soon, there will still be no way to transmit this ecological wisdom to the average citizen for rational and deliberate application at the polls. Yet, this is exactly what we must be able to do in the near future. We shall require a new kind of party system with a new kind of participational democracy seeking solutions to ecological problems. Finally, we shall require a new kind of deliberation or legislative process to grow out of the new politics of ecology, and we shall have to relate to it in something like the way the existing legislative process related to our traditional party system.

Let us take the second problem first, for although it is generally understood that our party system is inadequate the deficiencies of our legislative system have received scant attention. Reflect for a moment on the fact that our legislatures and our party system are well-tailored to each other. Our parties are, as the textbooks say, loose confederations of state and local boss systems. The key element is "state and local." This means that the representatives selected through our present electoral system arrive at our legislative chambers representing the interests of their local districts. An implicit assumption is that all our primary problems and conflicts will arise from the clash of local interests—conflicts relating to the interests people acquire be-

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cause they live in one place rather than another. Since before James Madison—the man who provided the underlying rationale for this system of politics—we have trusted that this pluralistic, territorially based expression of interests would produce the general interest, almost as if guided by an unseen hand.

But the issues described earlier are not related to any specific territory as such. Nor are they capable of solution through the expression of local interests. On the contrary, the critical problem—the source of our indictment of the old politics—is that its foundation is too restricted and particularistic to cope with the characteristic problems of our times. Technology-related problems know no territorial bounds, and they defy locally based efforts to deal with them. The same is true for science-related issues. Our present political system is unable to bring all such problems together for resolution within an ecological framework. Yet, this is what we must do.

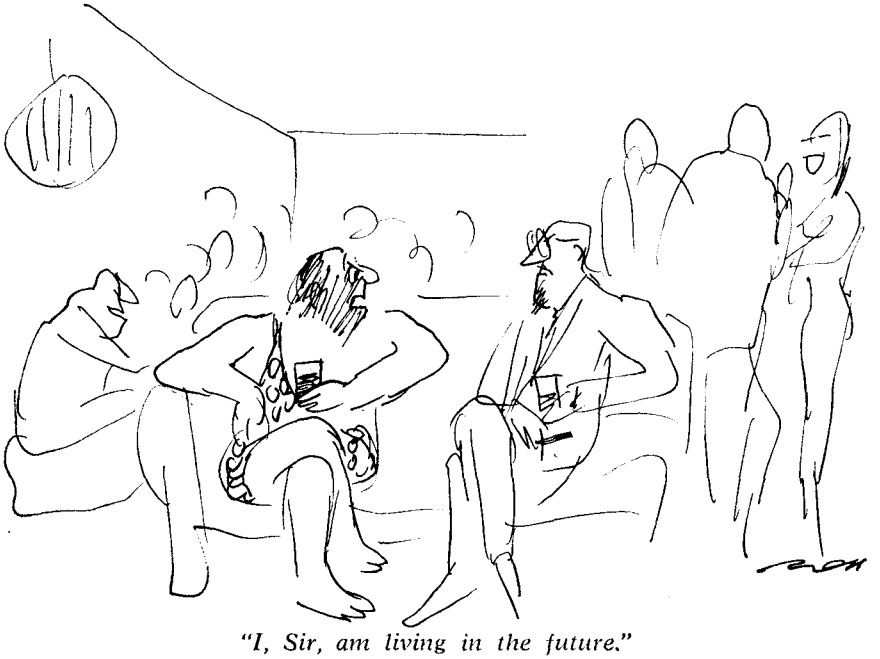
The characteristic political problems of the present arise from disorders of the entire ecological order. Their solutions are to be found, not through the traditional interaction of local interests and pressure-group politics, but through a new politics of the whole—politics considered architectonically, as the ancients called it. This requires a politics that is more speculative and less mechanistic; it requires us to do our lobbying in the realm of thought as well as in the corridors of power. Our most pressing political problems now have their origins in science and technology. Their solutions will require a new politics especially designed to cope with science and technology, a politics based on what Teilhard de Chardin called the "noösphere," instead of our accustomed politics based on real estate. It follows that entirely new policy-forming institutions will be needed to deal with the ecological politics of the noösphere. Legislatures must be redesigned accordingly. But, of course, before all this can happen, the popular base from which representatives are chosen must be given a new foundation. The scientific-biological-technological revolution that awaits us around the corner of post-industrial time demands entirely new ecological parties. Their outlines are not hard to foresee.

One portent of the new politics occurred in California in 1969. Over the decades, the Sierra Club—a tradition-oriented pressure group of the Pinchot type—had grown into a potent political force. An internal crisis resulted in the defeat of its activist wing. Shortly thereafter, the deposed leadership, forming around the John Muir Society, announced the establishment of a new political movement to be devoted to ecological concerns. Of course, this was not thought of as a new political party, but, nonetheless, it used language that looked ahead to something like the new politics called for above. Whether or not this particular movement prospers, ecological parties promise to be the wave of the future, providing the underpinning required to produce the novel legislative institutions the future will require.

How would such a party system actually operate? How would it differ in essential structure and mode of operation from the electoral and precinct organizations of the past? Again, in California, a technological breakthrough occurred in 1969 that may provide the informational and educational components required to enable voters to make intelligent ecological choices as they function politically in the future.

A team of multidisciplinary experts headed by Kenneth Watt designed a model that would ultimately contain mathematical expressions for almost every conceivable problem concerning the state of California. All these expressions will be programed into a complex computerized analytical system whose formulas alone will run to 5,000 pages. When finished some five years hence, it will be capable of revealing the multifarious interrelationships of each part of the model. The result will be an architectonic mathematical model of California considered as a complete ecological system. Watt calls this the "Model of a Society." Such computer programs will help us to find out how any given problem relates to all others. Suppose we must decide whether to vote for or against a bond issue to raise funds for a new school system. At the present, our choice is determined largely by whether or not we favor public education. But countless other considerations are involved. How would residential patterns be affected? How would traffic on streets and freeways be changed? What new public utilities would be required? How about other services such as fire and police? Would these changes lead to a relocation of shopping centers? What would all these changes add up to? Would they produce the kind of future we want? Computers are not foolproof, and computer models are even less so. We don't expect perfection from either people or machines. All we expect is a device to help us make our decisions on a somewhat more systematic basis. Not only politics would be affected, planning would also change. Those who make new proposals would have to calculate their full ecological consequences well in advance of offering them to the public. The result would be a profound shift in the terms on which political deliberation occurs. The voter would be able to visit computer terminals with multimedia display consoles where the foreseeable implications of alternative policies would be portrayed in pictures, figures, and graphs.

Mathematicians, ecologists, and social scientists working together can lay the beginnings of a new participatory democracy that will be as well-suited to the conditions of the post-industrial era as was the old, grass-roots democracy to the simpler conditions of the nineteenth century, and it can all be realized within a decade. But this is only the beginning. In the more distant future, we shall require even more ingenious innovations to



"I, Sir, am living in the future."

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bring our underprivileged and our undereducated back into politics.

The first component will be what systems engineers call the multimedia home: not the home we already know with radio, television, and tape recorders. Rather, what is envisioned is an entirely new assortment of media installations with a revolutionary new domestic architecture to accompany it. All communications media can be integrated into a complete acculturational system. Each family can then "program" the entire "informational" input coming into its home. All the pictorial, the graphic, the sound, and print media can be considered as a whole. All sources of knowledge would become accessible to each home. Every data bank would be a potential reservoir to be drawn upon when needed. Obviously, protection of each person's right of privacy must be insured; appropriate personal safeguards must be perfected before these new systems can be made available. Beyond this, other data access criteria might include need to know, and ability to assimilate, qualifications.

Subscription to separate newspapers, magazines, book clubs, and encyclopedias would continue, but for general acculturational purposes it would no longer be necessary. Indeed, save for amusement and leisure occupations, the "mix" of one's own overall multimedia diet need not be left to impulse or passing whim. On the contrary, each person would have the ability—the possibility—of pre-programing his overall cultural environment for a period reaching far into the future, just as we do now when we embark on a high school or a college degree program. Adjustments in the programing mix would require revision on a regular basis—semiannually, for example—to comport with family and social changes, and in accord with changing individual interests and varying rates of development. Conceivably, we can design individualized programs to realize cultural, educational, and professional goals whose consummation may lie twenty years or more in the future. Variability and change can be imagined as a branching pattern that reaches into the future, just as trees branch upward in ways that can never be predicted at the start.

Certified professional counselors will be required to assist each family select the integrated cultural development programs of its choice, with appropriate variations to account for the special needs of each member. These professional programers will be comparable to the investment brokers who help wealthy clients play their long-range investment portfolios. But once programs are under way, self-motivation can be counted on to take over. This is what happens today with the best of our new programed instruction systems. Students learn at their own pace, but whatever that pace, they do learn. And they so love what they learn that it often becomes necessary to pry them away from their lessons.

In principle, this new system is similar to the original eighteenth-century concept of the encyclopedia, which was designed to "encircle" everything then known, so each man, on his own, could take "all knowledge for his province." At the time of the first encyclopedia, it was very nearly possible to realize both goals, at least if the reader already had a fairly large working vocabulary. By the mid-nineteenth century, however, knowledge in general and science in particular had grown so complex that no encyclopedia could fully encompass everything that was known. And even if it could have, the departments of learning had become too complex to be understood by any but experts. Ph.D.s in botany, for example, were no better off than illiterates, if they tried to read an encyclopedia article on plasma physics or molecular biology. However, multimedia programing systems can now restore the original aim of the encyclopedia. Moreover, neither prior learning, nor even literacy itself, is any longer a precondition to the assimilation of high cultural status. A well-programed system can provide even functional illiterates with the essentials of higher learning. Of course, education and culture are only the civic essentials. Multimedia homes can embrace the entire range of human activities, with leisure, amusement, and frivolity provided according to individual desire. Each part of each program can be tailored to each person's wants, needs, and talents.

All this is technologically possible today. It is only necessary for us to devote our scientific resources to bringing it about. If that is done, we can move toward the realization of one of man's oldest dreams. All our citizens, the most lowly as well as the most favored, can enjoy the highest fruits of civilization. The optimistic conclusion is that we no longer need despair of democracy's future prospects because of the increased complexity of the problems of the post-industrial world. The very technological advances that are bringing about this new world will also make it possible to produce a citizenry able to comprehend and cope with them, ushering in a new era in the history of democracy.

Prospects for Spaceship Man

Continued from page 50

throughout the world by means of economic and colonial exploitation, they could establish world-wide peace and prosperity. The deception involved in Marxist dreams of social democracy and economic equality has been made so obvious to Westerners that it hardly needs mentioning.

In an instance of self-deception dating from the earliest days of civilization, the Pharaohs of Egypt believed that they could gain immortality by erecting gigantic tombs that would attract the attention of people throughout the ages. Judging from the folkways and customs of "primitive" people, self-deception about the causes or natural phenomena was an accepted way of life over tens of thousands of years, from the dawn of man's desire to understand the world around him up to the advent of modern science. If phenomena such as the phases of the moon, the passage of the seasons, and the basis of thunder and lightning could not be explained, the invention of a god who was responsible for each phenomenon was an easy and acceptable deception that could replace the impossible solution. In fact, if we can see any hope that this sorry history of self-deception will finally end, it is that during the past two centuries the area of deception has been restricted, so that it no longer encompasses natural phenomena, but only relationships between men.

On the credit side of mankind's ledger, the first item to note is man's astonishing inventiveness. This quality has been responsible for our dominant position on the earth. Moreover, new inventions and discoveries have repeatedly extricated civilized man from the dilemmas into which his folly had led him. As all of the empires of antiquity fell apart or were conquered because of their internal defects and inconsistencies, new empires based on the invention of new machinery and ideas took their place. In modern times we have repeatedly faced the prospect that vital natural resources would become exhausted in a few years, only to find that at the end of the predicted period new discoveries had postponed the critical date.

The second item on the credit side is man's ability to devise templates to perpetuate his inventions and the elements of his organization indefinitely and in a very precise form. This ability has particular meaning for the naturalist and biologist. It permits us to make meaningful analogies between organic

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and cultural evolution. All biologists who have studied the origin and molecular nature of life believe that all living organisms possess the same genetic code and the same mechanism for translating this code into the working molecules of the cell. Once DNA molecules, as well as their colinear relationships to DNA and proteins, had become self-perpetuating properties of living matter, their value as templates became so great that their basic organizational pattern has persisted without change for billions of years. By analogy, we can assume that writing, photography, and tape recording have now provided us with equally permanent templates for civilization.

A most encouraging item on the credit side is a phenomenon that has arisen only during the last decade. This is the new awareness on the part of many people, particularly those of the younger generation, of the potential disasters that lie ahead. Linked to this new awareness is a refusal to be deceived by the old panaceas. We of the older generation may be impatient with some of the excesses that this new awareness has brought about, but we must accept it as the most promising sign on mankind's troubled horizon.

To a naturalist, a heart-warming feature of this new awareness is its gravitation toward the previously neglected discipline of ecology. We may bemoan the fact that much of this new devotion is highly unscientific and, in some instances, appears to pervert or even degrade the discipline that is espoused. We must, nevertheless, recognize a genuine motive: an earnest, devoted, and persistent attempt to set mankind's *oikos* or house in order. It is our task to show the younger generation that ecology is much more than picking up empty cans from beaches and campsites, or preventing factories from spewing their effluents into rivers and lakes. Through combining the enthusiasm of youth with the experience of age, we may discover scientific methods of organizing and interpreting the enormous mass of interrelated facts that ecologists have already gathered about the web of life and man's position in it. We may also develop more effective ways of impressing upon all men the need for preserving our environment.

An equally and perhaps even more encouraging credit item is the degree to which the seriousness of the situation is recognized by important segments of the Establishment. Leaders of this new awareness are telling us in no uncertain terms about the various things we need to do now to save mankind. We hear the slogans from every direction: "Defuse the population time bomb"; "End nationalism before a nuclear holocaust ends us"; "Eliminate ghettos and ghetto nations"; "Eliminate waste and pollution"; "Stop using fossil fuels before they are all gone"; "Use more fertilizer and better varieties of plants so as to increase our food supply."

The technological means of reducing the birth rate are now easily available if legal restrictions against them are not imposed, and nearly everyone agrees that their much wider use should be promoted by every possible means. In other words, the problem of population control is no longer biological and technological but sociological. For its solution, mankind needs both an extensive removal of age-old taboos —that were established in times when increase in numbers was a source of strength—and an increase in the motivation and desire of couples to have fewer offspring.

Means of reducing pollution are becoming increasingly available and practical. Their increased use depends largely upon persuading society in general and those groups that are most active in causing pollution in particular to pay the high price that control will cost or to forgo the comforts and conveniences supplied by the manufacturing processes responsible for pollution.

The spectacular progress made by agricultural experts during the past few years in countries such as Mexico and India, where food is in critically short supply, have shown us that these countries can stave off starvation caused by excess population for much longer than many prophets have predicted.

So much for first steps. In order to take the second steps, those of synthesis or composition, we need first to ask specific questions about the relationships between the factors involved. Will increasing the food supply intensify or reduce the desire of people to have more offspring? Will population control increase or reduce the rivalry between nations or the capacity of individual nations to make war? If we divert to peaceful uses the money, man power, and technological skills that are now spent on defense, can we then devise a practical and perpetual source of energy for keeping our civilization going? Will the problem of inequality among nations and classes be solved more easily if we first increase greatly the total supply of goods and services, or does this increase depend upon first reducing social inequalities so that a larger number of skilled and well-motivated workers will be available?

Obviously, to obtain answers to these questions we must gather together and compare knowledge derived from several different disciplines. Moreover, armchair thinking and speculation will never be sufficient for this purpose. To obtain adequate solutions, scholars must join forces with men of action who understand the devious and often irrational aspects of human nature. Opportunities must constantly be sought for trying out prospective improvements in individual factors on a small scale and then analyzing in depth and as impartially as possible the entire effect of such changes on various aspects of society.

We must ask an essential question before we raise our hopes too high: Do men have innate, genetically determined tendencies for aggression and acquisitiveness that will forever thwart our attempts at social progress, unless we can breed a genetically different race of mankind? A number of authorities on animal behavior have maintained that this is the case. Their evidence is based largely upon their profound knowledge of behavior in a great variety of animals.

How well is this hypothesis supported by modern studies of behavior in human beings and in our closest relatives, the primates? John Crook's recent reviews of the extensive observations on primate behavior that have been made by many workers during the past ten years emphasize above all the great variability that exists in the amount of aggression, not only between species of primates, but also between races of the same species. Furthermore, careful observations in the field, fortified by experiments in which the behavior of individual animals has been radically altered by raising them separately from their accustomed societies, have rendered highly plausible the conclusion that behavioral differences between races and species of primates are determined to a large extent by learning rather than heredity. Moreover, in the closest genetic relative of mankind, the chimpanzee, both aggression and defense of territory are weakly or not at all developed.

With respect to human behavior, positive evidence for innate, genetically determined tendencies to aggression is very indirect, fixed either on animal

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behavior or anecdotes. Each of these anecdotes can be countered by an anecdote of an opposite nature. Of course this does not mean that genetic tendencies for aggression are totally absent from the human species. It does, however, indicate that their presence has not been clearly demonstrated.

Patterns of social structure are as resistant to change as are organized phenotypic patterns that are determined by our genes. It leads one to conclude that radical improvements in human society do not depend upon breeding a genetically better race of mankind but upon adjusting to the radically new conditions of modern life, the age-old practices upon which the stability of the home and family have been built. The survival of our society depends upon radical and successful adjustments not only in the larger home that is shared by all mankind and is the object of study by human ecologists but also in the more intimate and actual home of each family. Interactions between alterations of these two kinds of "homes" must, like all other interactions, be a prime target of study for all of us who wish to overcome the maladjustments of modern human society.

That major catastrophes will occur appears to be almost certain. Only the dates of their arrival and the parts of the earth that will be most affected are in doubt. But the prediction that these catastrophes will completely obliterate the human species appears to me to be unrealistic. More likely, they will resemble the catastrophes that mankind has survived in the past, as Thornton Wilder has so aptly stated, by "the skin of our teeth." The critical question is whether mankind can build from the surviving templates a new society that will be more in harmony with the new physical world they have created or whether they will stumble forever from one morass of maladjustment, misery, and partial destruction to another similar quagmire. The technological means for resolving this problem in favor of our descendants are now available. The sociological problems, however, appear to be as far from solution as ever. I can, however, see a ray of hope. This is because of the new awareness: the refusal of many young people to accept the hypocrisy and self-deception of the past. The catastrophes that will come may teach us lessons that mankind can never learn from the prophets. We owe it to future generations to build upon this hope by working together in every way that we can.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 62: saner, snare, nares, anser, nears.

Transformation

Continued from page 19

control in India, Japan, Pakistan, and other countries, where thousands of men have submitted voluntarily to sterilization. If the new man—the man of compassion, cooperation, understanding—is to dominate the development of mankind in the future, every human being must cooperate. It is clear that people in all parts of the world are awakening to this necessity.

The material resources of the earth are limited and must be conserved. But limitations on the resources of the spirit—the functioning of the mind, the outreach of human sympathy, the awareness that many men still have of an awesome presence given the name of God—have not yet been discovered.

U Thant pointed out the bitter paradoxes of the last twenty years: "On the one hand, there is the remarkable effort of the international community to define common aspirations on a world-wide and regional basis. On the other hand, it is clear that, in spite of the greater awareness and demand for the respect of the individual, serious violations of human rights, including resort to violence and terror, continue to occur."

In 1970 the struggle for human rights will be given more attention than ever before. Many people, young and old, black and white, rich and poor, socialists and businessmen, intellectuals and activists, are now seeking ways of coming together. Huge gaps in understanding and communication have always existed. But this is an age in which these gaps are being recognized and fully explored.

As Mankind II develops, a global dialogue on the rights and duties of man must be initiated and supported by people with many varying views. As we travel outward and inward on the immense journey into an ultimate transformation, we must speak of what we owe to one another as well as what we expect of one another. Our duties to one another in the crisis of our age are very great.

Many eyes have been opened. Many governments have begun to see the folly of what is being done to the earth. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks indicate that the United States and the Soviet Union want to turn away from the monstrous arms race that has been devouring our substance and shadowing our lives. The emergence of man as the servant of life must be encouraged. The reasons for hope must be shown as clearly as the reasons for alarm.

All educational institutions and nongovernmental organizations concerned with the building of a "social and international order" for the attainment of universal human rights should unite to sponsor a continuing report on the state of mankind.

The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the World Man Fund, the Fund for Peace, the World Academy of Arts and Sciences, the John XXIII International Institute, the World Law Fund, the Center for the Study of the Future of Man, the United

"Yes, lady, I know all about pollution, but this is my job."

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"If someone socks it to you on the right cheek, let him sock it to you on the left."

Nations Associations, the World Federalists, the Cooperators (a newly founded society), and others should devote part of their resources to the formation of a Council for Humanity. The council would present a series of statements by spokesmen for mankind: men and women from a wide variety of countries and cultures.

The council might be composed of leaders from the sponsoring organizations. Half the members would be chosen by youth organizations, and none could serve more than a year. The council would have a very small staff, so that no opportunity for the formation of a bureaucracy would arise.

The first council would simply be charged with beginning a discussion on the state of mankind. Council members would examine the vital issues and make recommendations for national and regional action. Every country would be asked to provide at least four hours of free broadcasting time each month for statements by council speakers. Additional time would be provided for commentaries and criticisms and suggestions for statements from other viewpoints. Newspapers and leading magazines in all nations would be asked to carry the texts of these statements or extensive summaries.

At the end of each year, a day for mankind might be celebrated. The statements of the spokesmen would be published in many languages, in an annual report, and distributed to schools and libraries all over the world. The people of the earth would be urged to write to the council, giving their views and their ideas for speeding the development of a world civilization.

The vast resources of information available through the U.N. and other organizations could be used by members in preparing their statements—but they would speak as persons, communicating with other persons, not as officials speaking for governments or to governments.

There is a turn against war. There is a turn toward the unity of man, stronger than all strife and divisions. There is a turn toward hope. There is a growing realization that we have lifted off into a new age. There is pain ahead. There is suffering. There is a stretching of the very being of man, and the fear that the transformation of this time will change us more than we ever want to change. But while there are voices that we can hear, let us listen to them. Beyond the darkness, there may be light.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR readers who would like to help establish a Council for Humanity are invited to write to Frank Kelly, c/o The Center, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California.*

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AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

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CAMP ZAKELO (boys 7-15), Harrison, Maine. Counselors and administration. Qualified teach Athletics; Crew; Waterfront; Fencing; Electronics; Band; Camping Skills. Director Zarakov, 12 East 86th, NYC, 10028; phone 212-288-4000.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

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LONDON. Large, light, 2 bedrooms. Centrally located. Short sublet. $185 monthly. Box T-324.

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APARTMENT, DEER ISLE. Maine, village. Electric appliances. View Penobscot Bay. Suitable retired couple. $350 month. SR Box T-366.

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SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE—Beautiful 200' deepwater oceanfront lots on unique island off Maine coast. William Banks, Owner, 88 Maple Street, Bangor, Maine 04401.

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36 ACRES wooded hill near Connecticut village, entrance from highway. 40,000 dollars. Box T-321.

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BOYS' CAMP. 150 acres, all facilities. McKee Real Estate, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

CAMPS

CAMPO VENEZIA—July 2nd-August 12th. Teens 13-16 closely supervised. Limited enrollment. Art, swimming, tours in Venice and vicinity, optional language and sports. Plus 10 day Italy tour. Brochure: Box 55, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. Phone: evenings and weekends 516-536-5378.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

GOLDEN ARROW, Sunapee, N.H. Creative experiences using wilderness setting. Music. Photography. Coed 6-13. Charpentiers, 35-54 88th Street, Queens, N.Y. 11372.

CAMPS

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 11-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science, recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 28th-August 9th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE, Kapitachuan Club, Province Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. Three 4-week trips each month. C trip, ages 12-13; B trip, ages 14-15; A trip, ages 15-19. 10 boys, 3 counselors in each. Enroll one month or two. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793, C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

COEDS' DUDE RANCH—9-16, 5,000 acres, Gateway National Forest. Hours riding daily, 52 horses. All activities. 20 years experience. Yours may qualify. School accommodations. Hidden Valley Horse Ranch, North Powder, Oregon 97867.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 70 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Lake white water, mountain trips. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 344-page 29th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

CAMP RENAPE, Strafford, Vermont. Girls 9 to 16. Semistructured program encourages motivation and creativity. Camp-owned horses, mountain trips, tennis, swimming, outdoor theatre, caving, fishing, riflery, crafts, folk singing, Indian lore. Miss Charlotte McCartney, Strafford, Vermont 05072.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

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(Continued on page 72)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 71)

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Dept. S-R, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH—Eight week Summer Workshop for Performing Arts. Professional instruction for qualified students, age 12 to 20, in Dance-Music-Dramatics. Request Brochure B, Footlight Ranch, RD 1, Wellsville, Pennsylvania 17365.

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ENVIRONMENT, CONSERVATION, LEADERSHIP. Two week program at Cooper Union's country campus in northern New Jersey. August 15th-31st, 1970. $200 (includes room and board). Write Green Campus Office, Prof. Blade, Cooper Union, Cooper Square, New York City, N.Y. 10003.

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

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RET'RE TO *an inexpensive life of chess, music, the* cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

CAMELOT—A new retirement home for the elderly, licensed under Connecticut laws, offers excellent food, security and medical care. Write James McGrath or call *Camelot, 89 Viets Street, New London, Connecticut 06320.*

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COTTAGES ON LAKE, near coast, Perry, Maine. 3 large bedrooms. $100 week. Alice M. Otis, Quogue, N.Y. 11959.

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DISCOVER REAL HAWAII at Kona Village—Here is one of the world's truly unique resorts nestled along the fabled Kona Coast on the Big Island—Hawaii. This restored native Polynesian village is the only place left in the islands to really get away from it all. Swim, hunt, fish, explore for ancient artifacts, or just plain RELAX while enjoying superb food and accommodations *in thatched roof guest cottages. American Plan rates.* Write for 18-page color brochure to: Kona Village Resort Hotel, Box 366SR, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96740. Contact your travel agent or our representatives, Robert Warner in East, Glen Fawcett in West.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs. amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

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TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $16.00 single to $31.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

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BERMUDA MEANS ESCAPE from the slings and arrows! Island hideaways include delightful housekeeping cottages with maid service, beautiful beaches and exotic views around the corner. Write L.P. Gutteridge, Hamilton—experts in nidification.

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ADIRONDACK SUMMER HOME on private lake. Sleeps 3. Swimming, fishing, boat. $125 weekly. Box T-342.

SANDHILL WORKING RANCH, girls 14-16. Live at main ranch with family. Close supervision and planned activities. Accommodations limited, apply early. Carol Neiman, Purdum, Nebraska 69157.

SUN AND SAND *and a beautiful beach. Sebastian's on* Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Small, informal. Brochure.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, *Naples, Maine 04055.*

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PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE, Hope, Alaska 99605. Wilderness trail rides, June, July. Brochure.

VERMONT—Interrupt your city routine! Visit elegant Fox Run, all-seasons resort. FREE golf, tennis and swimming. Lounges, Restaurant, Game Room, Gift Shop. Low June midweek rates, $15 per person M.A.P., double occupancy. Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 802-228-8101.

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SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE in novel, magazine fiction, nonfiction, poetry, newspaper, television. Miami, Florida. April 16th-19th, 1970. Top national consultants all fields. Applications: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143. Deadline—March 26th.

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WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 28th-July 25th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

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GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 20th season. $245 at University of Madrid, Barcelona, Florence, Rome, Paris, Athens, Salzburg, Garmisch. 1 month sessions July and August. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of courses in languages, art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $245. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-661-8900.

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SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL for high school students. 8 weeks, July-August. Mexico-Archeology or language study, Alaska, Yugoslavia-Greece, U.S.S.R. and Japan-EXPO, East Africa safari. Also adult trips. Small groups with qualified leaders. Studytravel, Dept. S, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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LONDON-SUMMER '70—Credit-Flights-Anglo-U.S. Faculty. Humanities, Early Childhood, Secondary Education, Science, Physical Education, Drama, History, Literature: in U.S.S.R.: Early Childhood. Dean, School of Education, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

"I TOOK THE ROAD less traveled" . . . Exploring Anthropology in Mexico; Theatre in London . . . Dance, Tennis, Art, Ceramics, Archeology, Languages, Homestays . . . Baltic Cruise. YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO/EUROPE, 47 Stephanmarc, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 516-GE 7-7514.

LA SORBONNE, College students. $680. 6 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GUATEMALA—Six weeks beginning June 22nd. Undergraduate and graduate courses in English and Spanish. Write Professor Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, California 92631.

EUROPE—H.S. STUDENTS, $750 six week study-travel programs in France, Spain, England, Austria, Switzerland, Italy. Includes flights, room, board, tuition, excursions, supervision. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her seventh summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th, 1970. FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. Course of study, Paris; Music and Art festival, French Riviera. Six major departments —Music-Dance-Art History-French-Theatre-Painting. For application (airmail), Paris American Academy. Richard Roy, Director, 269 Rue Saint Jacques, Paris 5, France.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, 23 programs of language study or Art History, Theatre, Comparative Governments, Comparative Cultures, Russian Studies. Mediterranean Cruise. England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit; $985. 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1874

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Anticlimax; sentimentality	11 17 37 39 43 68
B. Goatfish (2 wds.)	72 75 91 114 109 144 169 184 192
C. Montana's motto (3 Sp. wds.)	19 24 40 195 96 102 117 146 148
D. Motion picture technique in which one scene appears to be pushed off the screen by the following scene	159 170 186 201
E. Women's college of Cambridge Univ. (2 wds.)	90 106 120 143 164 173 28
F. Wandered aimlessly	54 107 128 136 167 174 194
G. Not openly (2 wds.)	199 14 112 126 132 105 140 171 187
H. Summer and winter resort at the foot of Mont Blanc	21 61 67 70 80 116 161 34
I. Hindu and Buddhist concept of retribution in the cycle of rebirths	86 89 110 122 181
J. Shocker, stunner (comp.)	190 29 45 130 137 139 152 166 177
K. The Reform candidate actually promises to be one (2 wds.)	118 127 3 23 33 46 55 141
L. Knock it off! (2 wds.)	147 180 71 18 25 44
M. Daughter of Minos who fell in love with Theseus	62 131 179 197 76 124 145
N. Repelled, kept at a distance (2 wds.)	151 200 84 111 150 176 9 27
O. Recoiled	36 88 97 108 175
P. Norwegian violinist (1810-1880; full name)	134 100 123 83 81 103 48
Q. Fiasco; disaster	155 4 6 10 15 50 56 85 142 160 22
R. Hurriedly (2 wds.)	35 135 156 13 74 98 8
S. From side to side	92 2 163 41 32 57 60
T. An aromatic Turkish tobacco	52 69 65 101 94 58 30
U. Small European songbird related to the nightingale	183 53 119 158 78 95 42 63
V. Home of the English Derby (2 wds.)	153 188 82 104 198 185 168 38 20 5
W. German physicist (1686-1736) who improved the thermometer	47 99 16 165 26 196 7 113 1 51
X. English author of Latin epigrams (1771-1858)	121 66 73 129
Y. Restraint	178 157 49 149
Z. Error	31 77 133 182 59 154 189
Z^1 Disputatious	115 138 12 93 87 64 162
Z^2 Proportion	191 125 172 79 193

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 W	2 S		3 K	4 Q	5 V		6 Q	7 W	8 R		9 N	10 Q	11 A	12 Z^1	13 R
14 G		15 Q	16 W	17 A	18 L		19 C	20 V	21 H	22 Q		23 K	24 C	25 L	26 W	27 N	28 E
29 J		30 T		31 Z	32 S	33 K	34 H	35 R	36 O	37 A		38 V	39 A	40 C		41 S	42 U
43 A	44 L	45 J		46 K	47 W		48 P	49 Y	50 Q	51 W	52 T	53 U		54 F	55 K	56 Q	57 S
58 T	59 Z		60 S	61 H	62 M	63 U		64 Z^1	65 T		66 X	67 H	68 A		69 T		70 H
71 L	72 B	73 X		74 R	75 B	76 M	77 Z	78 U	79 Z^2	80 H	81 P	82 V		83 P	84 N	85 Q	86 I
	87 Z^1	88 O	89 I	90 E		91 B	92 S	93 Z^1		94 T	95 U	96 C	97 O	98 R	99 W	100 P	
101 T	102 C	103 P		104 V	105 G	106 E	107 F		108 O	109 B	110 I	111 N	112 G	113 W		114 B	115 Z^1
116 H		117 C	118 K	119 U		120 E	121 X	122 I	123 P	124 M		125 Z^2	126 G	127 K		128 F	129 X
	130 J	131 M	132 G	133 Z	134 P	135 R		136 F	137 J	138 Z^1		139 J	140 G	141 K	142 Q	143 E	144 B
145 M	146 C	147 L		148 C	149 Y	150 N		151 N	152 J	153 V	154 Z	155 Q	156 R	157 Y	158 U		159 D
160 Q	161 H	162 Z^1	163 S		164 E	165 W	166 J		167 F	168 V		169 B	170 D	171 G	172 Z^2	173 E	174 F
	175 O	176 N	177 J	178 Y	179 M	180 L		181 I	182 Z		183 U	184 B	185 V	–	186 D	187 G	188 V
189 Z	190 J	191 Z^2		192 B	193 Z^2		194 F	195 C	196 W	197 M	198 V	199 G	200 N	201 D			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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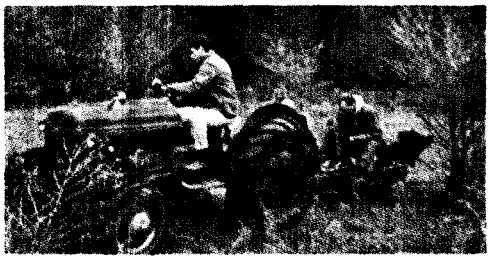
Bethlehem Steel owns about 100,000 acres of forest land, most of it over or adjacent to our iron ore and coal mines. And because of mining methods used many years ago, some of these properties had gradually become eyesores. That is why we took our first step toward scientific control and restoration of woodlands more than 40 years ago.



Planting seedling trees mechanically. The trees will combat erosion and provide yearly yields of timber.

Our program was formalized in 1958, when a registered consulting forester was appointed chief of our Forestry Division. Today, Bethlehem foresters perform reclamation planting, and cruise our timberlands, planning improvements and directing the workers who do the cutting and planting.

Some highlights of their work:

- In the past ten years they have planted over two million seedling trees at our properties in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky.
- At Mine No. 44, near Idamay, West Virginia, our foresters converted a barren coal tailings basin and harsh culm banks into lush acres ankle-high in bluegrass, fescue, lespedeza, and rye grass.
- In open fields surrounding our mines near Ebensburg, Pa., some 60,000 pine seedlings have been planted.
- Every fall and winter our foresters travel through 40,000 acres of timberland in Kentucky and about 35,000 acres in West Virginia, marking trees ready for cutting. Thinning the timber improves the quality of the remaining trees and accelerates their growth.
- Our foresters regularly provide guidance to conservation groups in our plant and mining communities. For example, several years ago a fire destroyed 3,000 acres of timber in the City of Bethlehem's watershed. Bethlehem Steel foresters directed a restoration program that included hydroseeding with grass, planting 600,000 coniferous seedlings, salvaging salable timber, and initiating a scientific timber-management program.
- Hundreds of acres of previously ugly terrain in various locations have been transformed into flowering fields and verdant slopes, pulsing with game and other wildlife. Battalions of evergreens march up hillsides, ending erosion forever. Hedgerows of trees and shrubs screen industrial installations from the passing eye.

Hydroseeding with a moist, fertilized mulch has been a successful technique in our land conservation program.

At Bethlehem we are engaged in many things besides the manufacture of steel—thoughtful land management is just one of them.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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